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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

In the evening we went on board the packet, a noble specimen she was, too, of those stately sea-hostelries which have ferried millions of the adventurous sons and daughters of the British Islands across the Atlantic in search of fortune. Many packets belonging to rival lines were drawn up along the wharves, like cabs and omnibuses in waiting for fares at boat landings and railroad depots, but certainly there was none to exceed our own, at least in appearance. Our good opinion of her was fully borne out during the voyage, when she gallantly withstood more than one stray gale, and we learned from some of the officers on board that that was her seventy-fourth trip across the Atlantic, in all which time she had never sustained any serious injury. She was a stately vessel truly, and for my part, I had such confidence in her strength and power that my fears of the sea were almost overcome, as I looked with a feeling akin to pride on her noble proportions while dropping down the Mersey with the evening tide. People may talk of the wonders of this age of steam, and glorify themselves on the increased facilities of communication, but, as I am no merchant, and have, consequently, no particular inducement to span the ocean with preternatural swiftness, I am free to admit that I would rather spend three weeks or so coming across beneath the wings of the good old "fast-sailing" line-of-packet ships, than run the risk of being scalded to death, or blown to atoms by the pretentious steam-monsters which shoot with their passengers from Liverpool to New York at the imminent risk of life and limb. All honor, then, to the good, old-fashioned, copper-keeled packets, who never troubled their own, or other people's heads with steam or any such inventions, but plodded like patient mules, week after week, over and athwart the mountain-billows of Neptune's kingdom, quailing only before the storm, and, in general, landing their passengers with whole bones, just where they bargained for, instead of despatching them to the regions beyond the Styx, which is often the case with their more popular and more fashionable competitors of the hot water department.

Fortunately for me I was little troubled with sea-sickness on the passage out. It would seem as though the disease had exhausted its virulence in that first grand attack, for even the longest and heaviest swells of the Atlantic wave produced no corresponding throes or spasms in the region of my stomach. A little dizziness, bordering at times on head-ache, was the worst symptom I felt on shipboard, so that I had nothing to hinder me from observing surrounding objects, and taking notes of what was going on amongst my fellow-passengers. For the first few days I seldom ventured on deck, at least after we had cleared the British seas and lost sight of the Irish coast which had been again visible for some time—as we sped on towards the wide ocean. It was early morning when we came in sight of our own dear island, and it made my heart bound with a thrill of sympathy to see the rush from below when some one cried out "The Irish Coast!" Instantly from steerage and second-cabin hurried an eager crowd, all urging each other to be quick "for fear they'd miss seein' the sight." But there was no need, for there in full view lay the Mountains of Wicklow bright in the morning sun, and we were sailing so near the shore that we could easily distinguish the yellow corn-fields and green pastures and stately sea-side villas. Many a fervent blessing was wafted then over the waters, and as we above on the quarter-deck leaned over the gunwale to murmur our own fond farewell, the depths of our souls were stirred by the many-voiced wail which arose from the deck below. Never did I feel so intense a sympathy as at that moment, —never was I so sensible to the mighty strength of the bond which binds together the children of one country—that country, moreover, an "island of sorrow."

When the broken line of the Irish coast was, at length, waxing dim, and "the Green hills of holy Ireland" were fading into mist, it was pitiful to see the heavy sorrow of the homeless multitude. Gray-haired men and women strained their failing eyes to catch the last sight—mothers and fathers held up their little ones to look at their fatherland once again, and fix the fleeting vision on their minds, ere it vanished away forever. Strong men stood leaning in moody silence against the vessel's side, regardless of the trickling tears which at another time and under other circumstances, they would have been ashamed to shed. Half unconsciously I murmured some verses of an old song which I had loved in happier hours:

"The last breeze from Erin
Has pass'd o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now;
I leave thee, my country!
Farewell! tho' thou art
The life-pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart—
Erin, mavourneen, farewell!

"I gaze where the bright scene
Falls back to the West,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast:
The bark bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze,—and I weep;
Erin, mavourneen, farewell!

* * *

"Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more;
Perhaps to my country,
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;
Erin, mavourneen, farewell!"

By the time I had ended, we had seen "the last glimpse of Erin," and with a feeling of utter desolation, I took George's arm, and said "let us go in—we have nothing to look at now." So there we were—far out at sea—with no speck of land in sight, nothing but the boundless firmament and the green, billowy ocean——the earth's mighty girdle stretching round and round without beginning or end like the vaster ocean of eternity. The evening came on with mist and shadow—cold, dull, and grey; the gull and the curlew still hovered around in the eddying circles, shrieking as it were in concert, and flapping their wings by way of accompaniment to their own discordant music. It was a cheerless evening, as it ought to be when so many hearts were weighed down with sorrow, and hope itself was for the moment extinguished. The night was calmer and past off better than we expected, however, and with the morning's light, the elastic spirit of the passengers seemed to spring up again, and in little groups they began to appear on deck gazing with curious eyes on the new little world in which they found themselves.

The twenty-four days of our voyage passed away more pleasantly than we could have expected. Some of our fellow-passengers in the cabin were both agreeable and entertaining, especially one old gentleman from the north of England who with his son and daughter were going to New York on a mission partly commercial, partly official. No people can be more courteous, or more affable than the English if you happen to please them, and somehow this family seemed to take to us from the very beginning of our acquaintance. Even when our luggage was being taken on board, Mr. Wortley contrived to make room for it in a certain convenient little nook which he had obtained for his own by special privilege, the captain and he having, it appeared, been schoolboys together. The Captain's wife was also on board, a neat, tidy, thrifty Englishwoman who made herself generally useful in providing for the comfort of her fellow-passengers. She was a straightforward, matter-of-fact little body, very good tempered, and well disposed to be pleased with everybody. Amongst the other cabin-passengers, male and female, there were but few who had any marked characteristics, with the exception of one elderly gentleman who was wofully afraid of injuring his health, and whose greatest amusement seemed to consist in experimenting on the strength of his own constitution, and its capacity for enduring drugging. This good man had quite a little medicine-chest with him, and to do him justice, if he set a high value on its contents himself, he was exceedingly generous in dispensing them to all who chose to use them. It was matter of surprise to all of us how well this poor gentleman seemed to thrive on his pills and medicaments. There was not a man on board in better condition, but it would have been no small affront to tell him so, for he was, or seemed to be, fully convinced that he was wasting away day by day under the action of some strange, unknown disease which baffled the skill of all the doctors. Good Mrs. White, the Captain's wife, was, strange to say, the only one on board who systematically annoyed poor Mr. Hampton, and this she did in her oblivious kindness, regularly insisting at table on his being helped off some good substantial joint, giving as her reason that it was just some nourishing food he wanted. "A big stout man like you, Mr. Hampton! can't live without eating, and eating well! If I was you, my dear sir! I'd throw the doctor's stuffs overboard and take to the beef and mutton."

This well-meant but mistaken kindness usually stirred up the good man's bile, and more than once he left the table in high dudgeon, and would hardly speak to Mrs. White for some hours after, till a bowl of arrow-root, or water gruel, or some such panacea was sent to his birth as a peace-offering. Many a time did the Captain and others beg of the good lady not to volunteer her advice to the *soi disant* invalid, and as often did she promise to act accordingly, but after a meal or two at most her memory would lapse again, and the sight of Mr. Hampton's large fleshy countenance at the farther end of the table would suggest the idea of the greasy aliments on which *bons vivants* usually fatten. She never could remember apparently for any length of time the existing connection between that prototype of Dickens's fat boy and the infantile slops with which he chose to fill his "fair round belly."

This was all capital fun to the rest of us, but apart from that *we* had entertainment on board of a widely different kind. George and myself often sat for hours listening to the conversation of the steerage and second-cabin passengers as they lounged on the main-deck, and around the gangway stairs. Gradually we learned to know them individually and by their names, and by close attention we obtained an insight into many of their peculiarities, together with snatches of their "simple story." Many a little romance of real life might be fabricated from the affairs of those three hundred emigrants, some of them Welsh, some of them Scotch and English, but the greater number Irish. Among these there was an endless variety of circumstance and condition. There were families of two generations—a venerable grandfather or grandmother, apparently tottering on "life's narrow verge," yet breaking asunder at the voice of strong affection the ties of country and of home, to follow the son or daughter and their family into their voluntary exile. Some of these families were large—quite large enough to form a busy little community within themselves. These, we observed, were lively and cheerful, buoyed up with hope and expectation, caring little, apparently, for the unknown dangers and trials which might await them so long as they were all together. Others there were—lone men and women—who had been sent for by their children in America, and were going, full of hope, to share the good fortune of those who had preceded them to the El Dorado. Well for them that the veil of the future was impenetrable to their eyes, else had not they been so sanguinely cheerful in quitting their old home. These were in general an interesting class to us, but we especially singled out one Widow Mahony, a tall, thin, old woman, whose scrupulous neatness, and evident superiority to those around her, could not fail to command respect. She had two daughters in Philadelphia—"all she had in the world," as she said herself, "and as God put it in their hearts to send for her, she was venturin' out to them, though it was a hard thing to cross the sea at her time of life, when in the coorse of nature she hadn't long to live—but sure if God only spared her to get to the girls, she'd be the happiest poor woman alive, an' if it was His will to take her to Himself the next day she'd be well content." Poor Widow Mahony! her resignation was severely tasked. The very day before we reached the banks of Newfoundland, we saw her frail body committed to the deep. She died thanking God that she had been to her duty the day before she left home. Next to her grievous disappointment in not living to see her daughters, she appeared most depressed by the thought that she was not to have Christian burial. It was unnatural, she said, for a Christian to be thrown out into the sea like a dead dog, instead of being decently covered up in the ground among their own flesh and blood, but, sure, after all, at the last day, the sea would have to give up its dead as well as the land, and what difference would there be then? But och! och! if she had only lived to see Jane and Ellen—and them losing the money they spent to bring her out—"God comfort them," were almost her last words," for they'll have the sorrowful hearts when they hear that the old mother they hadn't seen for six years died a-shipboard, and was thrown out into the sea—oh! Blessed Virgin! you were sorrowful, too,—you'll comfort them, then, on account of your own heavy sorrow an' mine, too!"

Poor Mrs. Mahony's hard fate was much la-

mented for she had made for herself many friends on shipboard, and there were few dry eyes amongst the Irish passengers when her body was consigned to its watery grave. Hers was the only death that occurred during the voyage, and it gave us an opportunity of witnessing that very solemn and affecting sight, a burial at sea.

Another most interesting class of the emigrants was the young girls, many of whom were there wholly unprotected, some of them very pretty, and many the picture of guileless innocence. To say the truth, however, the great majority of them were both stout and sturdy, well fitted for battling with the world, judging, at least, by the courage and resolution which they displayed in fighting for their turn at the common fire on deck. It was really amusing to get within sight and hearing of what went on there during the process of cooking the meals. There was a general scramble for the fire on these occasions, the rule, of course, being "first come, first served," and as the sea-air usually sharpens the appetite, hunger gave a corresponding keenness to the temper of the eager expectants. Sometimes the sparring was confined to a few, but at other times it assumed a more general character, and was carried out on national grounds. Happily the parties never came to blows, or I know not what might have been the consequence, the belligerents being armed with such missiles as saucepans, frying-pans, and gridirons, not to speak of other more deadly weapons. It was curious to see how the bolder and more confident—the blusterers and the swaggerers made their way there just as they do in the world, while the modest and the timid were thrust aside and compelled to wait till the clamorous disputants had each served their turn.

Amongst the prettiest of the young girls whom we noticed on board was one whose name we found to be Margaret Gilmartin. She was about nineteen or twenty—not more at the utmost—and was evidently unskilled in the ways of the world, for, with all her beauty,—and she was really beautiful—there was about her an air of almost childish bashfulness—a shy, gazelle-like expression of countenance, that it excited your pity and interested you at once in the gentle, modest creature. She had not a soul on board belonging to her, and it was, from the first, matter of surprise to me how she had been suffered to tempt the dangerous ocean all alone—so young, so innocent, so timid as she was. Surely, I used to think, she must have some friends at home. I soon found myself mistaken. The only one on board who knew anything of her was a respectable old man named Rafferty, who was from her own place, and in whose care she had been placed by the family in whose service she had been living. Her story was very simple and withal very common in the history of emigration. She was an only child. Her father had gone out to America several years before leaving his wife and daughter in their little cottage near the foot of one of the Galtee mountains, expecting to send for them within the year, if God prospered his endeavors. Alas! he was hardly a month in his employment—he was a mason by trade—when he fell from a scaffold some forty feet to the ground and was all but killed. He was taken up insensible, with a leg and arm broken, and for three long months he lay in an hospital, hovering for weeks of that time between death and life. That was only the first of a series of misfortunes: several times he had had sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to bring out the wife and daughter for whom his heart yearned, and as often had some untoward accident occurred to scatter his little hoard, and postpone the meeting so fondly desired by all three. He had occasionally sent home money, however, and this kept hope alive. But the dismal year of the famine came on, and the neighboring farmers who had given employment to Nora Gilmartin and her little daughter were, with their families, reduced to beggary and starvation. No more spinning, no more weeding, no more "dropping" or "gathering" of potatoes—nothing to be got even for charity, so at last mother and child were forced to go into the poorhouse in order to escape starvation. A dismal resource that was, for the food was hardly sufficient either in quantity or quality to keep body and soul together. Mother and child, too, were separated, kept in different rooms, and when they did meet for a moment it was in the presence of strangers when they were not allowed to converse. Under this heavy pressure of affliction, the mother's heart soon gave way—her body—never of the strongest, and much worn latterly by sorrow, and privation, and hard work,—soon became the prey of disease, and she "died gray-haired in youth"—the beautiful mother of beautiful Margaret Gilmartin. After a while the desolate orphan was sent out to service, and fortunately for her she fell into good hands. For the last three or four years she had been tolerably comfortable, being treated by the family with great kindness, and her work being made as light as possible, but still she had pined away for a sight of her only parent, to be near whom was her heart's fondest wish. When, at length, her father sent for her, she got ready with all possible alacrity, and was now on her way to Boston, where he resided, hoping to find in his love and protection all and more than all she had lost.

(To be continued.)

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

LIEUTENANT JOHN KENNEDY.

The O'Kennedys were, according to native chronicles, of the Dalcassian race, and possessed for centuries the district known in later years as the Barony of Upper Ormond, County of Tipperary. The Four Masters very faithfully record the succession of the chiefs of this sept to the days of Queen Elizabeth; and the venerable Annals of Tigernach relate the death of Cathal O'Kennedy, "King of the Kinselaghs," at so early a period as 758. In 1159, say the former historians, Gildas Kevin O'Kennedy, Prince of Ormond, died in pilgrimage at Killaloe; as did Donal, son of Teigue O'Kennedy, Lord of Ormond, in 1180. In 1252, Donald O'Kennedy, Bishop of Killaloe, was interred in the Dominican friary of Nenagh, which his sept had founded. In 1599, died O'Kennedy Fion, namely, Anthony, son of Donogh Oge, son of Hugh, son of Aulaffe; and Giolla Dhu O'Kennedy was named The O'Kennedy. Sir Oliver Lambert, Knight and Privy Councillor, had a large grant in 1605 of various estates of this family, forfeited by their rebellion in the Munster wars. Cromwell's Act of 1652 excepted from pardon for life and estate John O'Kennedy of Dunally, County of Tipperary. In the counter-action of Royal gratitude, the acknowledgment of 1662, for services beyond the seas, includes the names of Captain Philip and Lieutenant Daniel Kennedy; while in the same year Sir Richard Kennedy of Mount Kennedy, Baronet, was appointed a Baron of the Irish Exchequer.

In the list of proposed sheriffs, submitted to the Earl of Clarendon in 1685, the name of Sir Robert Kennedy was given in for Wicklow, with the observation, "If to be judged by his intimates, extremely whiggish." On which suggestion Lord Clarendon comments, "An honest gentleman, descended from loyal parents, who were in the Usurper's time sufferers for their loyalty; and himself an active Justice of the Peace." Besides Lieutenant John Kennedy, this Army List presents Kennedy Mac Kennedy, a Quarter-Master in Colonel Francis Carroll's Dragoons.

The Outlawries of 1691 include the names of Michael Kennedy of Tureen, County of Westmeath, John, Thomas and Darby Kennedy of Dublin; William Kennedy of Mount Kennedy, County of Wicklow, popularly called "Lord William Kennedy; Edmund of Tintern, County of Wicklow; Daniel of Kilbrubrickley, County of Mayo; William of Finnstown, County of Dublin, and Donogh O'Kennedy of the County of Galway, on whose estate Morgan Kennedy claimed a remainder in tail, but his petition was dismissed.

In 1747, at the fight of Lauffield, near Maestricht, Captain Bryan Kennedy of Bulkeley's Irish Brigade, was killed; while in Dillon's, Lieutenant Charles Kennedy was killed, and Captains John and Joseph were wounded.

CORNET THOMAS HIFFERNAN.

The O'Heffernans possessed a territory about Corofin in the County of Clare, called from them Muintir-Hernain, from which stock a branch was transplanted to the Barony of Owny and Arra, County of Tipperary. "Their war-cry," says Ware, "was 'Ceart-na-suas-aboe,' *i.e.* 'the cause of right from aboye,' alluding perhaps to their crest, which was an armed hand, couped at the wrist and erect, holding a broken sword, all *proper*, signifying, as it would seem, that there was no justice to be expected from the sword, but from the protection of Heaven." Mr. Hardiman, in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, has preserved a poem written about a century since, much in the spirit of that war-cry as Ware interprets it, and by an O'Heffernan, William "dall," the blind. The poem is entitled "Cliona of the Rock," and, while the editor says this William "composed many other poetical pieces which are deservedly popular," he adds, "if he had left no other than 'Cliona,' it would be sufficient to rescue his name from oblivion."

The Four Masters record the death of Madadain O'Heffernan, Chief of Clan-Cruain, in 1047, and an engagement in 1160, between Turlough O'Brien on the one part, and the O'Carrols and O'Rourkes on the other, wherein many of the latter party and the son of O'Hernan,' were slain. They also make mention of the Clan-Hiffernan at 1170. In 1543, Æneas O'Hiffernan, who had been an Hospitaller and Preceptor of Any, in the County of Limerick, was presented to the See of Emly on the nomination of King Henry the Eighth.

J. B. Clay proposes to give a large barbecue at Ashland, in honor of his election to Congress.

BIOGRAPHY OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

His Eminence Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman is the son of the late James Wiseman, Esq., merchant, of Waterford, and of Seville, where he was born August 2d, 1802. The family of Wiseman is one of considerable antiquity, and appears to have held lands in the county of Essex since the reign of Edward IV. Soon after the Reformation Sir John Wiseman, who had been one of the auditors of the Exchequer under Henry VIII., and was knighted for his bravery at the battle of Spurs, acquired by purchase Much Canfield Park, in that county. His grandson William, who married into the noble family of Capel, afterwards Earl of Essex, was created a baronet by King Charles I., in 1628; and a younger brother of the second baronet was Bishop of Dromore. The title has continued in a direct line of succession down to the present time, and is now represented by Sir William Saltonstall Wiseman, eighth baronet, who is a captain in the Royal Navy. Cardinal Wiseman traces his descent from a younger branch of this family. His mother, whose maiden name was Strange, and whose family, in spite of large confiscations of their property under Cromwell, is still seated at Aylward's Town Castle, county Kilkenny, lived to see her son elevated to his present dignity, and died, full of years, in 1851.

The relatives of Cardinal Wiseman for many years were resident at Seville, where they were merchants of high standing and wealth. He himself, when he was little more than five years old, was sent to England. He arrived at Portsmouth January 1st, 1808, in the Melpomene frigate, Capt. Parker, and was sent, while still very young, to a boarding-school at Waterford. In March, 1810, he was transferred thence to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham, where he remained until 1818. In that year he obtained leave to quit Ushaw College for Rome, where he arrived in December, and became one of the first members of the English College recently founded there. In the next year he had the honor of preaching before the then Pope Pius VII., and having pursued with diligence the usual course of philosophical and theological studies, he maintained a public disputation on theology, and was created Doctor in Divinity, July 7th, 1824, when he had not yet completed his twenty-second year.

In the following spring he received holy orders, and in 1827 was named Professor of Oriental languages in the Roman University, being then Vice-Rector of the English College, and was ultimately promoted to the Rectorship in the year 1829.

Dr. Wiseman returned to England in the year 1835, and in the winter of that year delivered a series of lectures, during the season of Advent, at the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the Lent of the following year, at the request of the late Bishop Bramston, then Vicar Apostolic of the London District, he delivered another course of lectures at St. Mary's, Moorfields, in which he vindicated at considerable length the principal doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, and with such success that he was presented by the Catholics of the Metropolis with a gold medal, commemorative of their gratitude and high regard for his talents and acquirements.

In 1840, the late Pope Gregory XVI. increased the number of Vicars Apostolic in England from four to eight, and Dr. Wiseman was appointed coadjutor to the late Bishop Walsh, the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, and at the same time elevated to the Presidentship of St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham. In 1848, on the death of Bishop Griffiths, Dr. Wiseman became Pro-Vicar Apostolic of the London District; and subsequently was nominated coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, *cum jure successionis*, on the translation of that Prelate to London. Bishop Walsh survived his translation but a short time, and on his death in 1849, Bishop Wiseman succeeded him as Vicar Apostolic.

In August, 1850, Bishop Wiseman was summoned to Rome by the present Pope Pius IX., who on the 29th of September in that year issued his Apostolical Letter re-establishing the Catholic Hierarchy in England; at the same time His Holiness issued a brief, elevating Dr. Wiseman to the Archiepiscopal dignity. In a private Consistory, held the following day, the new Archbishop was raised by the Sovereign Pontiff to the dignity of a Cardinal Priest, the ancient Church of St. Pudentiana being selected by him as his title. His Eminence is the seventh Englishman who has been elevated to the hat of a Cardinal since the period of the Reformation, his predecessors in this respect being Cardinal Pole, Cardinal Allen, Cardinal Howard, Cardinal York, Cardinal Weld, and Cardinal Acton.

Cardinal Wiseman is known in the literary world as one of the most frequent and able contributors to the *Dublin Review*. Among other productions of his pen which appeared in that periodical we may name his celebrated "Strictures on the Oxford Movement," which were reprinted by the Catholic Institute for circulation in a cheap form, under the title of "High Church Claims." His essays and contributions to the *Dublin Review* were collected and published, with a preface by the author, in three vols., 8vo., in 1853. It is also understood that his Eminence contributed to the "Penny Cyclopædia" the article which treats on the Catholic Church. Among the best known of his other theological and controversial publications are a "Letter on Catholic Unity," addressed to the late Earl of Shrewsbury; a "Letter to the Rev. J. H. Newman," on the controversy relating to No. 90, of the "Tracts for the Times;" and a "Letter addressed to John Poynder, Esq.," on his work entitled "Popery in Alliance with Heathenism." To these must be added his "Appeal to the reason and good feeling of the People of England," published whilst the popular clamor against that new hierarchy was at its height, and which had some effect in mitigating the intensity of feeling on the subject, by showing that the matter in question related only to the spiritual government of the Catholics of England, and was in no sense a temporal measure, or any practical aggression on the freedom of Protestants. To the world without Cardinal Wiseman's name is best known by his frequent appearance in London as a public lecturer on a wide range of subjects connected with education, history, art, and science. The most popular, perhaps, of all the subjects treated by his Eminence has been "The best mode of collecting and arranging a National Gallery of Paintings," which he considered in three lectures delivered before the Marylebone Literary Institution, in the months of May and June, 1857.

FATHER CONWAY.

The above reverend gentleman has addressed the following letter to Lord Palmerston:

St. Mary's, Ballinrobe,
Feast of St. Peter's Chains, 1857.

My Lord:—I see by the papers received here this morning that you are represented to have used the following words on Tuesday night in your place in the British senate:

"Sir, I am certainly prepared to vote for the amendment of the honorable member of the Birmingham—namely, that Mr. Attorney General for Ireland be directed to prosecute the Rev. Peter Conway and the Rev. Luke Ryan."

My lord, you did not specify what crime their reverences were guilty of, or what misdemeanor was laid to their charge; but that seems to be unimportant, your manifest object being to revive the penal laws, to prosecute the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, and to fetter with the bonds of your power those whom you fail to seduce by your arts. My lord, the schemes for disseminating religious discord upon the Continent having failed, and the scheme for proselytizing the Catholic people of Ireland having failed, as had previously failed the efforts made during years of famine to extirpate the whole Irish race, you appear now disposed to play another game, and in my person, and that of my brother "conspirator," try to crush the spirit which has for so many ages in this country defied persecution and withstood the assaults of political and religious hate. But, my lord, you will fail in this also.

In selecting me as one worthy to be honored by a State prosecution, you raise me far above the aim of my highest ambition. I had not deemed myself worthy to represent the pure, the steadfast, and untainted members of the Irish church. My lord, you flatter me by your decision, and be assured I shall not shrink from the result. My lord, if it be a crime to instruct the people, and explain to them their moral duties, I am guilty. If it is a crime to exercise the franchise I possess in voting for a representative honorable and faithful as George Henry Moore has proved himself to be, I plead guilty. If it is a crime to admonish and advise my fellow-electors to withhold their support from one who had proved himself unworthy of their confidence and unfaithful to his solemn pledges, I confess the crime—but of the outrageous charges brought against me by unscrupulous and interested witnesses, needy place-hunters, and aspirants for government notice, of these I plead not guilty—and no matter what may have been the result of the inquiry before the committee of the house as regards my conduct at the late election for this county, your lordship will find a different verdict when the case comes for trial before an unprejudiced jury, enlightened by the legal acumen of an experienced and learned chairman, neither vain, weak-minded nor prejudiced, and who will not allow loose hearsay evidence to guide him in his charge.

My lord, although I am but an humble Irish priest, one of the people, having sprung from the people, and unsupported save by the voluntary donations of a faithful and generous flock, I yet fear not the consequences of a State prosecution. If you deem it politic, my lord, to increase my influence with the people, you are certainly adopting the proper course; but if by this means you design to stifle opinion, and remove all obstructions to your policy of fettering the Irish Church and giving a clear stage to your corrupt political agents, you had better be undeceived. My lord, the day is passed in Mayo when unprincipled place-beggars and pliant politicians, the mercenary tools of an unscrupulous minister, could find popular support. There may be a numerous band of corrupt voters ready at any time to sell their influence; but, my lord, the persecutor of the Catholic Church and the prosecutor of her faithful ministers may henceforward send his creatures to other counties, where the watchmen may be sleeping and the fold become an easy prey.

My lord, you are prepared to prosecute me. I am ready—are you prepared for the consequences?—I am. So God defend the right.

I have the honor to remain, your humble servant, Peter Conway, C. C.

P. S.—Before you arraign and place me on my trial, I claim as an act of justice and as necessary for a fair trial, that you supersede the present High Sheriff, Captain Higgins, the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins; also Mr. Isidore Burke, the Crown Solicitor for this county.

The trial of the counterfeiters arrested in Indiana is progressing at Ripley Co., in that State.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XIII.

O'Connell's Reminiscences of his own Courtship—Hands the gaoler—Ballads—Travelling in the Olden Time—Pitt and Grattan compared—Grattan's Colloquial Powers—A Noble Oddity—Entry into Waterford—Old Mr. O'Connell's Coffin—General Cloney—A Prudent Patriot of '98—The Marquis of Waterford and the Repealers—Bianconi—Peter Bodkin Hussey.

On one of our Repeal journeys—namely, to Waterford—he adverted, as he frequently did, to the memory of the late Mrs. O'Connell.

"I never," said he, "proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, 'Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?' She answered, 'I am not.' 'Then,' said I, 'will you engage yourself to me?' 'I will,' was her reply. And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. But I did not care for that. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness."

"And your profession made you independent?"

"Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made £58, the second year about £150, the third year £200, the fourth year about 300 guineas.* I then advanced rapidly; and the last year of my practice I got £9,000, although I lost one term."

"Did your wife reside in Tralee?"

"She did, with her grandmother; and it was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter's want of temper. 'Madam,' said I, 'Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.' 'Cross, sir? My Mary cross? Sir, you must have provoked her very much! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.'"

"And so she was," he added, after a pause. "She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath."

He remained some moments silent, and then resumed—

"When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsey to him. She despatched the curtsey with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

It often happened during our journeys, that after a silence that lasted for some time, O'Connell would suddenly break out with a snatch of some old ballad in Irish or English. On this day he sang out,

> "I leaned my back against an oak,
> I thought it was a trusty tree,
> But first it bent; and then it broke—
> 'Twas thus my love deserted me!"

I expressed some surprise that these ballad scraps should rest upon his memory. "Oh," replied he, "I liked ballads of all things, when I was a boy. In 1787, I was brought to the Tralee assizes—assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements, and I was greatly taken with the ballad-singers. It was then I heard two ballad-singers, a man and a woman, chanting out the ballad from which you heard me sing that verse. *He* sang the first two lines—*she* sang the third line—both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad."

Among the odds and ends of verse which stored his memory, were some stanzas composed by a luckless Kerry poet, who, when starving in Paris, was recommended to pay his court to the minister Sartine, in an adulatory address. The first couplet ran thus:

> "Yellow Phœbus, inspire my poitrine,
> To sing the praises of Monsieur de Sartine."

O'Connell often contrasted the rapid mode of modern travelling with the slower movements of past days. "I remember," said he, "when I left Darrynane for London in 1795, my first day's journey was to Carhen—my second to Killorglin—my third to Tralee—my fourth to Limerick—two days thence to Dublin. I sailed from Dublin in the evening—my passage to Holyhead was performed in twenty-four hours; from Holyhead to Chester, took six-and-thirty hours—from Chester to London, three days. My uncle kept a diary of a tour he made in England between the years '70 and '80, and one of his *memorabilia* was 'This day we have travelled thirty-six miles, and passed through part of five counties.' In 1780, the two members for the county of Kerry sent to Dublin for a noddy, and travelled together in it from Kerry to Dublin. The journey occupied seventeen days; and each night the two members quartered themselves at the house of some friend; and on the seventeenth day they reached Dublin, just in time for the commencement of the session. The steam navigation is of infinite utility in abridging the sufferings of sea-sickness. In a sailing vessel, you often got almost to land, and yet were tantalized by chopping winds or tides which prevented your landing. I remember in 1817 dodging for eight hours about Caernarvon harbor before we could land. When on shore, I proceeded to Capelcarrig, where I was taken very ill; and I was not consoled by reflecting that should my illness threaten life, there was no Catholic priest within forty miles of me."

* I think I have stated these sums correctly, but am not quite certain.

O'Connell spoke of the peculiarities of Pitt and Grattan as orators. Pitt, he said, had a grand majestic march of language, and a full melodious voice. Grattan's eloquence was full of fire, but had not the melody or dignity of Pitt's; yet nobody quoted Pitt's sayings, whereas Grattan was always saying things that everybody quoted and remembered. "I did not," said Mr. O'Connell, "hear Grattan make any of his famous speeches; but I have heard him in public. He had great power, and great oddity—he almost swept the ground with his odd action."

"Was he in private society an entertaining man?"

"Very much so. His conversation contained much humor of a dry antithetical kind; and he never relaxed a muscle, whilst his hearers were convulsed with laughter. He abounded with anecdotes of the men with whom he politically acted, and told them very well. I met him at dinner at the house of an uncle of O'Conor Don, and the conversation turned on Lord Kingsborough, grandfather to the present Earl of Kingston, a very strange being, who married at sixteen a cousin of his own, aged fifteen—used to dress like a round head of Cromwell's time; kept his hair close shorn, and wore a plain coat without a collar. Grattan said of this oddity, 'He was the strangest compound of incongruities I ever knew; he combined the greatest personal independence, with the most crouching political servility to ministers; he was the most religious man, and the most profligate; he systematically read every day a portion of the Bible, and marked his place in the sacred volume with an obscene ballad.'

"I dare say," said Mr. O'Connell, after a pause, "that Grattan told O'Conor to ask me to dinner. I was then beginning to be talked of, and people like to see a young person who acquires notoriety."*

We passed some remarkably fine elms on our route. O'Connell, who knew my passion for forest trees, exclaimed: "How proud it would make you, Daunt, if your old elms at Kilcassan were as fine as those."

Thus talking we arrived in Waterford. The entry into the city was splendid. The long line of banners floated in the breeze—the shipping in the noble river Suir hoisted pennants, and repeatedly fired salutes, as the procession moved along the quay.

Next day, the 28th of October, a large party of Repealers dined at the house of the Catholic Bishop. Old age was talked of.

"My grandmother," said O'Connell, "had twenty-two children, and half of them lived beyond the age of ninety. Old Mr. O'Connell of Darrynane pitched upon an oak tree to make his own coffin, and mentioned his purpose to a carpenter. In the evening the butler entered after dinner to say that the carpenter wanted to speak with him. 'For what?' asked my uncle. 'To talk about your honor's coffin," said the carpenter, putting his head inside the door over the butler's shoulder. *I* wanted to get the fellow out, but my uncle said, 'Oh! let him in by all means. Well, friend, what do you want to say to me about my coffin?' 'Only, sir, that I'll saw up the oak tree your honor was speaking of, into seven-foot plank.' That would be wasteful,' answered my uncle; 'I never was more than six feet and an inch in my vamps, the best day I ever saw.' 'But your honor will stretch after death,' said the carpenter. 'Not eleven inches, I am sure, you blockhead! But I'll stretch, no doubt—perhaps a couple of inches or so. Well, make my coffin six feet six—and I'll warrant that will give me room enough!'"†

O'Connell extremely disliked being poked up to lionize at a private dinner-party, although it was sometimes his fate to sustain this species of annoyance. After dinner at the Bishop's, his health was drunk with all the honors. But he made no speech in reply; he merely bowed, without rising from his seat.‡

At Waterford I met General Cloney, who had held a command in the rebel army in 1798. Among his anecdotes of that period, he told me of a certain gentleman who stationed himself in a house near Ross, on the day of the battle. "Although he did not take the field," said Cloney, "yet he was not quite unoccupied; for he changed his uniform four or five times while the battle lasted. He kept scouts to let him know, from time to time, how the fortunes of the day went. Whenever he heard that the rebels were getting the better of it—on with his green regimentals! The next scout, perhaps, would announce that the king's troops were making head—on with my prudent friend's yeomanry suit! and so on, from red to green, and green to red, according to each shadow of veering in the fortunes of the fight."

On the following day, the 29th, there was a Repeal dinner at Carrick-on-Suir, at which the health of the Marquis of Waterford was given. O'Connell was called on to return thanks, which he did in the following terms, amidst general laughter and cheering:

"I could not allow the health of a brother sportsman to be drunk, without saying a few words in reply. The time has been when I little expected I should ever hear a Beresford toasted among a society of Repealers. Far less, that *I* should be selected to return thanks upon such an occasion. But times are changed—and in this respect happily changed. Lord Waterford has evinced a most praiseworthy disposition to expend in his native country a large share of his princely revenues; and his name has, therefore, been deservedly received amongst you with manifestations of attachment. Himself the centre of the local rank and fortune of this part of the country, the fascinations of his hospitality and of his fox-hounds will, doubtless, keep at home many men of station and fortune, who would otherwise seek amusement in England or elsewhere. Therefore, let us wish him all health and prosperity, and a first-rate hunting season; and as a mark of our respect, the most congenial to his lordship's taste, let us give him, in conclusion, a loud and hearty *Tallyho!*"

This call was responded to by a jovial and uproarious tally! tally! tallyho! from the whole assembly; amongst whom there were certain ingenious gentlemen, who gave us a very felicitous imitation of the hounds in full cry.

On the following morning, the 30th, our party left Carrick at an early hour for Killarney, and breakfasted with Mr. Charles Bianconi at his house near Clonmel. Bianconi's son and daughter, the girl a lovely child, came in to see the Liberator.

"Do you know, my young friends, that it was I who emancipated you?" asked O'Connell. This was a question he frequently addressed to Catholic children.

Bianconi asked his advice about sending the girl to school. "Oh, no! no! no!" replied O'Connell, eagerly, "never take her from her mother! Get a governess to assist the mother in your little Kate's education, but never take the child from her mother's care. The tender affection of the parent educates the daughter's heart."

Bianconi made some apology for bringing in the children; "your time is so limited," said he; "and I fear they must tease you."

"Your apology," returned O'Connell, reminds me of my friend Peter Hussey, who was not remarkable for suavity. 'Dan,' said Peter to me, 'you should not bring in your children after dinner, it is a heavy tax upon the admiration of the company.' Never mind, Peter,' said I; 'I admire them so much myself, that I don't require any one to help me.' My eldest daughter told me she was afraid I should spoil her Mary. 'I don't think I shall,' said I; 'I know I did my best to spoil *you*, my love, and I could not succeed.'"

O'Connell was a firm believer in the transmission of intellectual qualities from the mother to her offspring. When speaking of a property in Kerry, that the Meredith family had lost many years ago, he said: "Mr. Meredith married a fool; and, of course, they bred nothing but fools. They had not common sense to keep their estate, and it slobbered away through their fingers."

When we were *en route* from Bianconi's, something led us to talk of Pitt, whom O'Connell said he had heard in a debate "on the state of the nation."

"He struck me," said O'Connell, "as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the House, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the House."

"Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?" asked I.

"Yes, and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence, was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

Mr. Bianconi had lent me "Captain Rock's Letters to the King of England;" a book that professes to give the real origin of many families of the Irish peerage. The author's statements of course include many particulars omitted from the compilations of Debrett. He has, however, fallen into several inaccuracies, the perusal of which always elicited from O'Connell a contemptuous "pshaw!" and he then would immediately state the real facts, of which he had in many instances become professionally cognizant.

Speaking of pedigrees, he said, that his own had been spoiled by the Chevalier O'Gorman, who undertook to draw it up without knowing much about the matter. One of his family, John O'Connell, of Ashtown, near Dublin, the brother of a lineal ancestor, had "*proved his good affection*" to Oliver Cromwell in 1655, conformed to Protestantism, and thereby saved his property from confiscation. "I saw his escutcheon," said O'Connell, "on the wall of St. James's Church in Dublin, some twenty years ago; I don't know if it be there still."

He was angry at the disparaging manner in which his family had been spoken of by "MASK," an anonymous writer, who described leading Members of Parliament. "The vagabond allows me a large share of talent, but he says I am of humble origin. My father's family was very ancient, and my mother was a lady of the first rank."

As we travelled southwards, he invited me to accompany him to Darrynane, which invitation I readily accepted.

(To be continued.)

* O'Connell had great confidence in the patriotism of the present Henry Grattan, M.P. for the county Meath. One day, when pointing him out to an Englishman, he thus eulogized him—"That is Henry Grattan, son of the great Irish patriot. He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol at his head, and if he were persuaded his own immediate death would secure the Repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of Heaven, fire away!'"

† Mr. William Howitt has published a somewhat different version of this anecdote. I give it, literally, as I heard O'Connell relate it at the Bishop of Waterford's table.

‡ I was once at a dinner party in Dublin, when our host proposed O'Connell's health in a complimentary speech, which he ended by saying that he abstained from warmer eulogy through fear of wounding the modesty of his distinguished guest. O'Connell rose to return thanks, and commenced his speech by saying: "My friend has alluded to my modesty. Whatever my original amount of that quality may have been, I certainly have never worn any of it out by too frequent use; so that I have the whole original stock quite ready for service on the present occasion."

IRISH SUCCESS AT WOOLWICH.—The Irish lads have again been victorious. They had a fair field at Woolwich, and beat all competitors. Out of thirty places Trinity College secured ten, including the first, third, and fifth. At the head of the answering was William Joseph Carroll, whose marks amounted to 5,349. After him came the pupil of a private school, the Kensington Proprietary, whose marks were 4,740. Then—for the three next places—follow Trinity lads, whose answering was very close. It is a remarkable fact that the great English Universities have been shamefully defeated. Oxford has had only a single success, and that very low on the list—the seventeenth. Cambridge is wholly unrepresented. The mathematical University is beaten not only by the Irish but by provincial schools. The London University, seat of practical and progressive science, maketh no sign! The Scotch Universities are also blanks. Edinburgh, Aberdeen, are nowhere, in this faring no better or worse than more pretentious Cambridge, which had organized special classes with special professors to carry all before her in competitive examinations.—*Dublin Freeman.*

CODFISH CAUGHT.—A Long Branch correspondent of the Trenton *Gazette* gives an account of a rebuke administered to a party of fashionables at that place. Gov. Newell of N. J., and his wife, having arrived at the Mansion House just at the dinner hour, entered the dining hall before Mrs. N. changed her attire. The party alluded to immediately, not knowing her, made audible remarks on her appearance, and spoke indignantly because the waiters, to whom Gov. N. was known, waited on him. Various insulting allusions were made in the table conversation. In the evening when Mrs. N. appeared in the parlor in full dress, she was saluted by a gentleman who happened to be a friend of the ladies in the fashionable party, and who, subsequently, on their inquiry, informed them who Mrs. N. was. They immediately sent abject apologies, which she refused to receive, not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies, and she would not recognize them as such.

REMARKABLE LEAP.—A passenger by the Michigan Central Railroad, finding that the train did not stop at a particular station rushed for the rear car, carpet bag in hand, and jumped off. The train was passing at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, and of course he struck the ground at some little distance from the starting point. One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track and the boot heel was also ripped from his other boot. The man continued his rapid movements—being thrown into all sorts of positions—for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up" no less than seventy-four feet from the spot where he left the rushing train. On picking himself up, he was asked if he was much hurt, when he answered that he did not know, and immediately picking up his watch and a number of his buttons which had been scattered by the shock, and seizing his carpet bag, he started off.

PERSIA.—The Persian government will not order the evacuation of Herat. The *Homeward Mail* remarks that it has reason to believe the statement to be true, and that it arises from the intelligence of the Indian trouble having reached the Persian government. A messenger has been despatched by Mr. Murray, and has reached Trebizond, conveying to the government a distinct intimation that the terms of the late treaty as regards Herat have no chance of being fulfilled.

LARGE LAND SALE.—Mr. Alexander Bruce, of Roanoke County, Va., sold, lately, his fine tract of land known as "Waverly," upon the McAdamized road, five miles below Salem, containing 955 acres, to Mr. J. W. Hurt, one of the most enterprising Roanoke farmers, for the nice sum of $45,000—about $47 per acre. The same tract of land sold some years past at less than $25,000.

QUICK WORK.—A fellow calling himself William Webster—said to belong to Cohasset, and to have a wife and three children in Maine—has been arrested at Great Falls, N. H., for stealing a team and marrying Mary J. Field after one day's acquaintance. He pretended to her that he owned a good deal of real estate.

A drunken father and mother living in the town of Huron, Sanilac Co., Mich., recently sold a bright-eyed daughter of two years old, to Mr. Wm. L. Cory, for the sum of $3. This is an actual fact. Mr. Cory took the child out of compassion, and will no doubt make a better protector than its unnatural parents.

Those who fancy money can do everything, are generally prepared to do anything for money.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

At the assizes for the county of the town of Carrickfergus, the judge was able to address the High Sheriff in these terms: "I am very happy on this my third visit to your county, that the calendar is just as I have found it on former occasions, a perfect blank."

Carlow.

While a troop of the 16th Lancers, at present stationed in Carlow, were exercising, a melancholy accident occurred by which a private of that corps lost his life. The men were engaged going through some military evolutions, when one of them was observed to fall off his horse, coming to the ground on his head. Several of his comrades immediately alighted, and went to his assistance, but, on raising up the unfortunate man, life was found to be extinct. An inquest was held on the body by Mr. Gorman, coroner of the county, when Dr. Belton deposed that he made a *post mortem* examination, and found that the deceased had been laboring under disease of the heart. The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Deceased had been upwards of twenty years in the regiment.

Clare.

Since the last public examination at Springfield College, Ennis, a new wing has been added to the former commodious building. This addition was rendered necessary by the increasing extent and importance of the school, now incorporated with the London University, and numbering nearly 150 students. On entering the new building we found it tastefully decorated with evergreens; the principal window displayed a cleverly designed transparency from the pencil of Mr. Hurley, the drawing master of the College, representing two draped female figures emblematical of Literature and Art, bearing an inscription on a decorated pedestal, "Springfield College." The principal schoolroom was chastely ornamented with flowers and drapery—the "rostrum" of the head master being hung with scarlet cloth, and interspersed with flower vases, &c. The lower end of the room was relieved by painted scenes, of a Grecian design, which formed a picturesque back-ground. In the forenoon classes were examined in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English and Grecian History, Geography, Natural Philosophy, &c., and in a few hours traversing the whole of the branches of a classical education and the exact sciences. The historical theses were peculiarly interesting to the audience, as a novel feature in a public examination, and evinced on the part of the pupils an accuracy of knowledge in dates, facts, and genealogy, which those present were not prepared to expect. The best answerers were rewarded by chaplets of laurels, as in the Olympian games of old. The award of these honors was a difficult task, the answering being quick, decisive, and correct. During this part of the proceedings the Very Rev. Dean Kenny presided. At the conclusion the following obtained the laurel crowns awarded as prizes, which were placed on their heads by the Very Rev. Dean Kenny: Master Moriarty, Clonmel; Master Lingard, Cooga House; Master Creagh, Ralahine; Master Browne, Ballinrobe; Master O'Connell, Kilgorey House; Master Spellisy, Ennis; Master F. Kelly, Bushy Park.—*Correspondent of the Munster News.*

Master P. Harley and Master W. Cullinan, pupils of Springfield College, Ennis, obtained a first and a second place at the late matriculation in the University of London, with which Springfield College is now incorporated.

Cork.

Recruiting for the army has commenced in this city, and is being carried on with more vigor than was observable since the conclusion of the Russian war. The streets swarm with red coats, decked out in those variegated bunches of ribbons which, apparently, are supposed to have as much attraction for the rustic as similar bright colors have for a bull.—*Examiner.*

Down.

The *Belfast News-Letter* has announced, through a metropolitan correspondent, that "the conditions of the abandonment of the Disburn petition are stated to be that Mr. Jonathan Richardson retires at once, and that Sir James Weir Hogg is to walk in for the borough, as his experience on Indian affairs would be useful in the House at present." The only defectiveness in this statement is, that it is absolutely incorrect. The petition was abandoned unconditionally. Mr. Richardson has not the least intention of resigning his seat.—*Northern Whig.*

The Directors of the Newry and Enniskillen Company, and the Junction Company, have kindly granted return tickets for single fares to all parties attending the Bazaar; also the Directors of the Newry and Warrenpoint Railway Company, have given return tickets at single fares, with the addition of special trains, for the accommodation of all parties attending the Bazaar.

Dublin.

The city grand jury came into court, and the foreman announced that they had found a true bill against James Spollen for the murder of Mr. Little. Spollen was immediately afterwards placed in the dock, for the purpose of being formally arraigned. Instead of the working man's attire which he wore when undergoing the preliminary examination before the magistrate, he was dressed in a blue frock coat, dark vest and trousers, and altogether presented a very neat and cleanly appearance. He advanced rapidly to the bar of the dock, looked steadily towards the bench for a short time, and then glanced somewhat hurriedly round that section of the court which was in front of him, but did not, during the short time he remained in court, betray any symptoms of uneasiness. The Clerk of the Crown then formally indicted him for having on the 13th of November, 1856, at the Broadstone, wilfully murdered George Samuel Little, and asked him if he was guilty or not? The prisoner, in a low but perfectly audible voice, replied, "Not Guilty." Clerk of the Crown—Are you ready for your trial? Prisoner—Yes, sir. Mr. Corballis, Q. C., applied to their lordships to fix Thursday for the trial of the case, observing that the Attorney-General was anxious that it should be fixed for that day. Mr. J. A. Curran—I have a favor to ask your lordships on the part of the prisoner. We will not be ready to go to trial before Friday next. If that day would suit the convenience of the court, we will be perfectly ready on Friday morning. Mr. Corballis—I would be happy to accommodate, but the trial will last a considerable time, and if it is not taken up before Friday it will go far into next week. Mr. Curran—It will not be likely to conclude this week whatever day it is commenced. All the prisoner's counsel could not be present on Thursday. Mr. Corballis—If you state any grounds for a postponement—the Attorney-General, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Fitzgibbon are in the case. Mr. Curran—It is all the same to come down on Friday as on Thursday. I am sure there is no desire to take us to trial without being fully ready. The Chief Justice—We will take up the case on Friday next. Mr. Curran—I am obliged to your lordship. Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—There is no obligation—the man will be on trial for his life, and the application is not one for a postponement from one commission to another, but for a day, in order that he may be fully prepared. Mr. Curran—I have now to apply to your lordships that the sheriff may be allowed to give us a copy of the panel. I understand there is a very large panel summoned. We have information that certain gentlemen expressed such opinions on the case as would be a ground for challenging them, and the object of the application is to facilitate the selecting of a jury. Mr. Corballis said that there could be no objection to allowing any one acting for the prisoner inspecting the panel in the sheriff's office, but that it was an unusual application to ask to have a copy furnished. The Chief Justice remarked that he did not see the difference between allowing a party to go into the office to get a copy for himself, and furnishing it to him. It was then directed by the court that the parties representing the prisoner should have liberty to inspect the panel, and take a copy of it. The prisoner was then removed, and after some uninteresting cases had been disposed of, the court adjourned.

George Bollard, a pensioner of the 79th Foot, who had served in the Crimea, and was an attendant in the Private Lunatic Asylum at Glasnevin, was seized with cramps while bathing in a pond. An alarm being given by some persons near, Drs. John and Marcus Eustice, who were in the neighborhood, hastened to the place, and after diving several times, succeeded in recovering the body of the unfortunate man; but as he had been under water about half an hour, life was quite extinct, and all the means used to restore animation proved unavailing.

Galway.

Colonel French, who offered to resign his claims to Galway, his native town, in favor of Mr. Moore, is now actively in the field against Sir Thomas Redington. Reasons of a local kind—reasons which, for the credit of Galway, we do not wish too rigidly to analyze—have led Mr. Moore to abandon his designs; but there can be no pretext for refusing to support the man who was instrumental in ridding the county of one of the last of the pledge-breakers. To Colonel French is this praise justly due. The gallant colonel is a Nationalist and Independent Oppositionist; and by all accounts he is, in every sense, worthy of the choice of the independent electors of his native city. He has the sympathies of the country with him, and his triumphant return may be looked forward to with every confidence.—*Tuam Herald.*

Kildare.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL *v.* DUNNE.—This was an inquiry to ascertain whether the defendant was entitled to a right of passage claimed by him on behalf of himself and her Majesty's subjects from his hotel adjoining the standhouse on the Curragh to Kildare. The issue was directed by the Court of Queen's Bench, to whom the defendant appealed to prohibit the magistrates from carrying into execution a penalty pronounced against him for an alleged trespass or intrusion on the racecourse of the Curragh. Sergeant Berwick, Mr. Macdonogh, Q. C., Mr. Ball, Q. C., and Mr. Morris represented the crown. Mr. Hayes, Q. C., Mr. Battersby, Q. C., and Mr. Maunsell, the defendant. The case for the crown was that the Curragh was a Royal Park or course set apart and designed for a great many years for the encouragement of a good breed of horses by races. It was managed and kept in order by a ranger, Mr. Browne, who received a salary of £356 ayear, and ten constables, and had been used as a racecourse. The defendant had a hotel on the Curragh, and claimed the unrestricted and general use of the passage for himself and the public. The crown resisted the right, on the ground that the road interfered with and injured the racecourse, which it was their duty to preserve; they were willing to give the defendant a right of way for himself to the hotel, but this he was unwilling to accept, as it was too great a round from his hotel, and was not the direct road that he had been in the habit of using. Mr. Sergeant Berwick entered into a lengthened history of the Curragh, and read an extract from a letter, written by Sir William Temple to the Earl of Essex when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1673), in which he recommended "that encouragement should be given for improving the breed of horses, and that some institution should be invented for encouraging the improvement of fine breeds by the prospect alike of power and profit, and he recommended that horse fairs and races should be held at certain places to be appointed by the king, and plates given, one of £30, and the other of £20, and that, for the honor of the winning horses, the Lord Lieutenant or his deputy should attend the races, with two judges of the field, who should decide all controversies, and, with sound of trumpet, declare the two victors, and that the masters of the horses might be admitted to ride with the Lord Lieutenant or his deputy, and dine with him that day, and there receive all the honors of the table. This to be done, what quality soever the persons were of, for the lower that was, the more would be the honor, and perhaps the more the sport." He showed that the Curragh was a very ancient racecourse, and declared the law to be that no right adverse to the crown could be presumed; that there was no evidence that a grant of the road had ever been made, or that it had been dedicated for the purposes claimed, and that no matter how long the "user," that did not give the defendant a right to interfere with or injure crown property. Several attempts had been made from time to time to interfere with the Curragh—in one instance to get up a fair near the hotel of the defendant; in another by Mr. Ferguson, who insisted upon his right to run horses without paying an entrance fee—both of which attempts were defeated, and the present was the third attempt, which he hoped the jury would also frustrate. Mr. Hayes, Q. C., stated the case for the defendant. His client merely claimed a right of passage, which he and others had for time immemorial, and not a defined and gravelled road; and he produced a number of witnesses, some of whom were old, who deposed that they had used the road for a series of years, and that it had been used as a highway to funerals from Morristown and Pollardstown by the people, who would not go along a bye or broken path. Mr. J. Thomas Ball, Q. C., replied on behalf of the plaintiff. The Chief Justice charged the jury, and they found a verdict for the crown.

Kilkenny.

In many places oats are being cut this week, and in one or two instances, in the Freshford direction, even the reaping of wheat has commenced. Harvest operations are expected to be very general next week. —*Moderator.*

Queen's County.

An attempt at murder was committed at Ballyloughnane, a short distance from Birr, by a man from Roscrea of the name of Carey, who after having a dispute with one Frank Mulhare, a blacksmith, drew a long knife and stabbed the latter, inflicting six or seven most serious wounds, and left him weltering in his blood. The injured man, who was a most industrious and inoffensive person, has been attended by Drs. Woods and Baker. Slight hopes of recovery are entertained. Carey has been arrested, but not as yet identified by Mulhare.

Sligo.

[illegible] election petition from the Hon. A. The [illegible] defeated candidate, alleging that Wynne, the [illegible]ned by Mr. Patrick Somers the majority obta[illegible] that votes were im- was a colorable one, an[illegible]hich ought to properly recorded for him, w[illegible]er, was have been recorded for the petition[illegible] tried. Mr. Slade, in opening the case, said that at the last election for Sligo the candidates were the Hon. Arthur Wynne, who had been returned after the death of Mr. John Sadlier, and Mr. P. Somers. At the end of the poll the election was declared to have fallen on Mr. Somers by a majority of 150 votes against 146, but many of Mr. Wynne's voters were improperly objected to by the returning officer. The learned counsel having referred to several cases, said he should show on a scrutiny that Mr. Wynne was duly elected. The votes of two persons named Dudgeon and Finnerty, who had voted for Mr. Wynne, but whose votes appeared in the poll book for Mr. Somers, were struck off the list, and added to that of Mr. Wynne. The vote of a man named Elliott who was put down as having voted for Mr. Somers, but who in point of fact did not vote at all, was struck off Mr. Somers's list, and the votes of two men named Ferguson and Gilbert were added to the list of Mr. Wynne, placing that hon. gentleman in a majority of one. The committee then came to the following resolution: "That John Patrick Somers was not duly elected a burgess to serve in the present parliament. That the Right Hon. J. A. Wynne was duly elected, and ought to have been returned a burgess to serve in the present parliament for the borough of Sligo." The proceedings then terminated.

Tipperary.

An attempt at murder and robbery was committed about two miles from Clonmel upon Captain John Inman, staff officer and paymaster of the local corps of pensioners, residing in that district. There can be no doubt but that the object was solely for the purpose of robbery, it being generally supposed Captain Inman carried considerable sums of money about his person when proceeding at the commencement of each month to the various towns in the district about Clonmel to pay the pensioners. It appears that Captain Inman left Clonmel on an outside car, accompanied by his son George, a youth of about twelve years of age, and the driver of the car, who is also a small boy, about sixteen years old, for the purpose of paying the pensioners in Cashel and Fethard. The Cashel road for some distance beyond Clonmel is extremely hilly, and they had only proceeded about two and a half miles, and were walking the horse up a hill on the townland of Ballyveelish, when a man of middle stature approached the horse, perfectly undisguised, and dressed in a dark frock coat. Having caught the reins, this person demanded Captain Inman to deliver up whatever money he had or he would take his life, at the same time presenting a pistol at the captain, who stood upon the car, it is supposed to take a single pistol from his pocket. Inman replied that "he had no money," when the man at once left the horse and grappled with the captain, who had got off the car. While the parties were quite close, Captain Inman received a wound, extending for about eight inches along the lower part of the arm. His assailant also dealt him a severe blow across the nose and eyes with an iron instrument, probably the barrel of the pistol, from which he is suffering acutely. The captain then fell against the ditch, and his assailant proceeded to rifle the car, from which he took the pay sheets and some account books, but as there is a branch of the National Bank in Cashel there was no money in the car, but a bank cheque, which was carried off in the book, and which Captain Inman intended cashing in Cashel. The robber also deliberately carried off the Captain's sword, which had fallen off the car, and a man was seen some time after by a farmer crossing the fields in the direction of the Fethard road, and carrying something in his hand. The car was driven back to Thomas Kennedy's farm house at Pass, about a quarter of a mile distant, when the inmates did everything in their power to alleviate the sufferer's distress. It is suspected the offender is one of the gang who infested the Cahir road last winter, and another party suspected was only discharged last assizes in consequence of the evidence not being sufficient to establish a charge of burglary made against him. The driver and young Inman say they can easily identify the party who attacked them. On the latter going over towards his father the man made kicks at him and drove him away, and the driver says he was prevented by the restiveness of the horse after the firing from giving any assistance.

In every direction the "golden corn" is falling before the sickle of the reaper. The hay crop is all saved, and may be reckoned fully an average one. We have not, we are glad to say, as yet received any account of the potato blight affecting the fields in this locality; and the yield up to this promises to be excellent and abundant.—*Free Press.*

William Henry Deane, Esq., county surveyor, Tipperary South, has issued a notice directing all road contractors under his jurisdiction to forthwith destroy all weeds growing on the sides of the road and fences along their contracts.

Waterford.

A man named John Murphy, whilst under the influence of drink, went to sleep on the hulk at which the Vivandier steamer lay moored. Being observed in that position by some men he was roused up and then left to take care of himself as best he could, and being still stupid, he fell overboard and was drowned. Assistance arrived immediately, but was of no avail, as the body was carried by the current under the steamer. The unfortunate man leaves a widow and two orphans to deplore his untimely loss.—*Chronicle.*

CIRCULAR OF HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a circular to the clergy of his Diocese, in which, after treating of the necessity of an early religious education for children, and the influence of good example, the circular goes on to say:

"To enable parents to fulfil their duties towards their children, and to satisfy the other obligations of their state, our divine Redeemer raised the marriage contract to the dignity of a sacrament, communicating to it the power of giving grace, in order that this sacrament which is called great by St. Paul, in Christ and in his Church may produce the salutary effects for which it was instituted, it must be approached with proper dispositions and with due preparation. It is to be celebrated according to the discipline and form prescribed by the Catholic Church; and all the matrimonial contracts reprobated by her, such as mixed marriage—the source of innumerable evils to those who engaged in them and to their children—and marriages within the forbidden degrees of kindred are to be cautiously avoided. Instruction on these matters is rendered very necessary at the present day, inasmuch as opinions regarding marriage, most destructive of the interests of society, and most opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, are widely disseminated. The late discussions in Parliament on the subject of divorce, and the resolution which has been adopted by one branch of the legislature, that for the future, the husband and wife, in certain cases, are to be allowed to separate, with liberty to enter into new contracts of marriage, must necessarily tend to excite doubts upon a most important subject, and to shake the convictions of the public mind. We trust that that bill, still under discussion in Parliament, will never supplant the old law of the land, handed down from the Catholic times; but even should it be sanctioned by the legislature, we, as Catholics, can look on it in no other light than as an attempt to repeal aud annul the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ and the unerring decrees of the Catholic Church. Our Divine Redeemer proclaims in the Gospel, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'—*Mat.* xix., 6. How then can any human lawgiver attempt to loose the bonds of matrimony? To remove all possibility of doubt on the case, our Redeemer adds, in another place: 'Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another committeth adultery, and he that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery.'" —*Luke* xvi., 18. In conformity with the doctrines thus proposed by the Author and Finisher of our faith, the holy Catholic Church, assembled in the Council of Trent, has issued the following condemnaton of all who impugn her teaching:

"If any one says that the Church has erred when she has taught, and when she teaches, in accordance with the evangelical and apostolical doctrine, that the bond of matrimony cannot be dissolved on account of the adultery of one of the married parties; and that both, or even the innocent one who gave not occasion to the adultery, cannot contract another marriage during the lifetime of the other; and that he is guilty of adultery who, having put away the adultress, shall take another wife, as also she, who, having put away the adulterer, shall take another husband, let him be anathema." —*Council of Trent, sess.* 24, *canon* 7, *on Matrimony.*

After considering such authorities, every Catholic will understand in what light he is to view the attempts now made to sanction and facilitate the practice of marriage after divorce, and he will look with an eye of pity on the wandering of those who, having separated from the true Church, are tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and, following the guidance of their own vain imaginations, fall into most pernicious errors, and bring ruin on their own souls and the souls of others. Let us, reverend brethren, exhort our faithful flock to preserve themselves from every contagion of error, to preserve the sacred deposit of the faith, and to pray most fervently for the conversion of all who have the misfortune to be straying in the paths of heresy and unbelief.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

✠ PAUL CULLEN.

LAYING THE CABLE.

[*Correspondence of the Dublin Freeman.*]

VALENTIA, Wednesday, August 5, 1857.

At an early hour this (Wednesday) morning several parties proceeded to visit the American steam frigate Niagara, which lay at anchor in the harbor during the night, and were most courteously received and shown round the several parts of this magnificent vessel by its officers. About twelve o'clock the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Knight of Kerry and the members of the Knight's family, arrived on board, and were received by Captain Hudson, and had an opportunity, during their stay, of witnessing the operation of the machinery arranged on the deck for paying out the cable. This machinery is beautifully contrived, and is so arranged that by the mere reversal of its action the cable may be paid out or hauled in—the advantage of which is too obvious to require to be detailed. It has attached to it a simple and powerful check lever, by which the attendant can regulate the rapidity with which the cable is paid out with the greatest nicety, or stop it altogether by decreasing or increasing the friction of the cable on the rollers. Two dial indicators placed in juxtaposition show to the man in charge of this check the rate at which the ship is going, and the rate at which the cable is paying out; and a very simple contrivance enables him so to regulate the latter as that both should correspond. Great admiration was expressed at the arrangement, and the perfection with which it worked, by many of the scientific gentlemen who examined it in the course of the day.

Shortly after one o'clock, a boat well manned from the American vessel was let down, and one of the paddle-box boats of the Leopard, with a crew, was placed immediately under the stern of the Niagara, when the operation of paying out the shore end of the cable commenced. The proper complement having been coiled in the boat, a second paddle-box boat belonging to the same vessel took her place, which in turn was succeeded by a boat from the Susquehana. After the Susquehana there came up a large steam tug, the Willing Mind, on the deck of which about as much of the cable was coiled as was placed in the other three boats. I may add that the register index of the machinery indicated to the yard the quantity coiled into each boat, and as the boats were successively laden, they were connected with strong tow ropes, and the Admiralty steam vessel, the Advice, steamed up to tow them in. The boats were at this time thus arranged—the Advice taking the lead, having on board Mr. Raymond, master commandant; Dr. Stevenson, R.N.; Mr. Pickering, of Liverpool, and Mr. Logie, of Glasgow, directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. Job, of Liverpool, who was lately a member of the Newfoundland government, and who represented the colony on the occasion, the Attorney-General and the President of the Council not being able to attend; Valentine O'Brien O'Connor, one of the directors, and Mr. Edward Bright, Secretary of the Magnetic Telegraph Company; Mr. Wm. Haughton, a director of the Great Southern and Western Railway; Professor Morse, of New York; Mr. S. Morse, of the *New York Observer;* Mr. Ilbery, of the Great Southern and Western Railway; Mr. Mullaney, of the *N. Y. Herald;* Commander Chads, of the Hogue; Dr. Gray, Mr. James Mahony, Consul for Paraguay; Lieutenant Thompson, R.N., and Lieutenant Boyd, of the Niagara. The Advice let on steam, and slowly towed on the boats, which were arranged in the following order: the American boats, manned with rowers, the two boats of the Leopard, the Susquehanna boat, and the Willing Mind, laden with the cable. Immediately on the Advice getting into motion the Willing Mind began to pay out the cable, and the convoy thus proceeded until the portion of the cable coiled on her deck, about a mile in length, was laid in the bay. At this moment the scene was most animated and interesting. A large number of boats and private yachts covered the bay, the waters of which were as smooth as a mirror, the weather having perfectly cleared up about four o'clock. Several of the boats belonging to the ships engaged in the proceeding, with officers on board, ranged at regulated intervals, rowed on each side, directing the operations and watching the paying out. The Willing Mind having paid off her portion of the cable now came round to the front, the water becoming shallower, and took the place of the Advice, which had, all through, headed the expedition. Lieut. Thompson who had been the party to plant the tent on the shore at the point where the connection with the land wires was to be made, now took the several gentlemen I have named from on board the Advice, and conveyed them in one of the boats of the Leopard to the landing, where were assembled at the moment the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Russborough, Mr. F. Howard, the Knight of Kerry, Lord Dunraven, Mr Brooking, Sir E. M'Donnel, Mr. G. Roe, Mr. Denis S. Lalor, Mr. James O'Connell, Mr. Daniel J. O'Connell, Capt. O'Connell, Sir William O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Smith, county inspector; Mr. Wigan, sub-inspector; Mr. Crosbie. Mr. and Mrs. Leckie, Dr. Graves and Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Beale, Hon. Mr. Hubbard and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Cyrus Field, one of the principal projectors of the Atlantic cable; Mr. Saward, secretary to the company; Dr. Palmer, of the Niagara; Mr. Ilbery, Rev. Mr. Maguire, P. P., Mr. Daniel Mahony, and Dr. Hamel, member of the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, who, by direction of the Emperor, attended to watch the proceedings, and to report specially upon them to the academy; together with many others of the local gentry whose names we could not learn. The beach was crowded with numbers of people from Cahirciveen and the adjoining neighborhood. In succession several of the ships' boats arrived, and about seven o'clock the Willing Mind dropped off, the water having become too shallow, and one of the American oared boats took her place immediately, in front of which was a gig belonging to the Niagara, containing the following officers of that vessel: Commander Pennock, Lieutenant W. D. Whiting, Lieutenant Guest, Lieutenant Wells, Mr. Eldridge, Purser, and Mr. Charles Bright, Engineer-in-Chief to the Atlantic Telegraph Company. In a few minutes the foremost boat touched ground, and the American sailors, headed by their officers, and aided by the men of the Susquehanna and Leopard, sprang, some on shore and others into the water, and seizing the end of the cable, rushed up with it upon the beach. Here they were met by the Lord Lieutenant, to whom the cable was handed by Commander Pennock and Lieutenant Whiting. The rope was then deposited in a channel which had been dug for that purpose, and its extremity brought into the tent, where the batteries were fixed. His Excellency congratulated Commander Pennock on the success which had attended the commencement of the great work, to which the gallant officer replied: "I trust that in the course of twenty days we will be able to announce the consummation of the marriage." One of his Excellency's chaplains, whose name I could not ascertain, then read a prayer.

His Excellency here said—My American, English, and Irish friends, I feel at such a moment as this that no language can be becoming except that of prayer and praise. However, it is allowable to any human lips, though they have not been specially qualified for the office, to raise the ascription of "Glory be to God in the highest—on earth peace, and good will to men." That, I believe, is the spirit in which this great work has been undertaken, and it is this reflection that encourages me to feel confident hopes of its final success. I believe that the great undertaking now so happily begun will accomplish many great and noble purposes of trade, of national policy, and of empire. But there is one view in which I will present it to those whom I have the pleasure to address. You are aware—you must know, some of you from your own experience—that many of your dear friends and near relatives have left their native land to receive hospitable shelter in America. Well, then, I do not expect that all of you can understand the wondrous mechanism by which this great undertaking is to be carried on. But this I think all of you will understand. If you wished to communicate some piece of intelligence straightway to your relatives across the wide world of waters—if you wished to tell those whom you know it would interest in their hearts of hearts, of a birth, a marriage, or, alas, a death, amongst you, the little cord which we have now hauled up to shore will impart that tidings quicker than the flash of the lightning. Let us indeed hope—let us pray, that the hopes of those who have undertaken this great design may be rewarded by its entire success; and let us hope further, that this Atlantic cable will only in all future time serve as an emblem of that strong cord of love which I trust will always unite the British islands to the great continent of America. And join with me in my fervent wish that the great Giver of all Good, who has enabled some of His servants to discern so much of the working of the mighty laws by which He rules the universe, and pervades each atom in it to accomplish this wonderful work, will further so bless its operations as to make it ever more to serve the high purpose of the good of man and His own great glory.

Mr. Cyrus Field, the projector of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, was then called upon. He said—I have no words to express the feelings which fill my heart to-night—it beats with love and affection for every man, woman, and child who bears me. (Cheers.) I may say, however, that, if ever at the other side of the waters now before us, any one of you shall present yourselves at my door and say that you took hand or part, even by an approving smile, in our work here to-day, you shall have a true American welcome. (Cheers.) I cannot bind myself to more, and shall merely say, "what God has joined together, let no man put asunder." (Loud cheers.)

The Lord Lieutenant and suite, the directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, and several other gentlemen by whom they were accompanied, then posted to Killarney, where they arrived about three, A.M., on Thursday morning. It may not be out of place here to remark that the British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company are progressing very rapidly with the erection of an over-ground line of telegraph along the highway between Killarney and Valentia for the purpose of connecting the existing telegraphic system with the Atlantic cable at the latter place, by means of which, under an arrangement entered into between the Magnetic and Electric Companies, the whole of the lines in the three kingdoms—10,000 miles in extent—will be available for the rapid transmission of intelligence between Europe and the American continent. The line is already completed beyond Killorglin, where the Magnetic Company have established a temporary station. The entire through communication to Valentia is expected to be completed by the middle of next week, when intelligence as to the progress made in the paying out of the cable will be daily received, and sent forward by Mr. Saward, the secretary of the company.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

July 29, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, George M. Miller, Esq., of Susan Vale, Killiniainham, to Annie Harriette, daughter of William Longfield Esq., of Harcourt street.

July 29, in St. Peter's Church, John P. Cowan, Esq., M.D., of Glasgow, to Mary Anne, daughter of William Stokes, Esq., M.D., of Merrion square.

July 30, in St Peter's Church, Richard Seymour Guinness, Esq., of Stillorgan, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Rev. John Darley.

August 4, in St. Peter's Church, Colonel Clement Alexander Edwards, of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, to Ada Charlotte, daughter of the late Richard Morrison, Esq., of Leeson street.

August 4, in St. Peter's Church, Francis W. Knox, Esq., Assistant-Surgeon of the 56th Regiment, to Francisca Gabriella, daughter of the late W. R. Ward, Esq., of Eccles street.

July 30, in St. Anne's Church, the Rev. S. Quinten, second son of the late Thomas P. Quinten, Esq., M.D., of Enniskillen, to Charlotte Theodosia, daughter of the late John Watson, Esq., of Kilconnor House, county Carlow.

August 4, at Donnybrook Church, the Rev. Walter Lamb, of Kilcolman Park, county Cork, to Anne Kildahl, daughter of the late Nicholas Atkin, Esq., of Sandymount, Commander in the Royal Navy.

July 30, at the Roman Catholic Church, Ballybrack, Michael, son of Michael Keogh, of Geevagh, in the county of Sligo, Esq., to Jane Frances, daughter of the late James Hughes, Esq., of Dublin, solicitor.

July 30, at Delgany, Ralph A. Dopping, Esq., Derrycassan, county Longford, to Diana M. Dalrymple, daughter of the Rev. Lambert, W. Hepenstal, of Altadore, county Wicklow.

July 28, at Darrynane Abbey, John Francis Fitzgerald, Esq., of Cannegh, county Kerry, to Mary O'Connell, Ffrench, second daughter of the late Nicholas Joseph Ffrench, Esq., of French Lawn, county Roscommon, and granddaughter of the late Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

July 30, in Belfast, Richard Ross, Esq., M.D., of Belfast, to Catherine Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Francis Knox, of Barnagh, county Tyrone.

July 30, in Tipperary, John Collett, Esq., of Vine Lodge, Lancashire, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of R. Heuston, Esq., of Tipperary.

July 30, in the Catholic Church, Westport, by the Very Rev. Dean Bourke, Myles Jordan, Esq., of Castlebar, son of the late Myles Jordan, Esq., of Rosslevin Castle, in the county of Mayo, to Margaret Josephine, daughter of William Graham Esq., of Westport.

August 3, in the Tuam Cathedral, by the Rev. Eugene Coyne, R.C.C., Honoria Josephine, daughter of the late John Costelloe, Esq., of Tuam, to George M. Tully, Esq., of Boyle.

July 28, at Melbourne, Australia, Thomas, third son of the late Lieutenant Edward Reeves, of Cork, to Charlotte, fourth daughter of the late John Dawson, Esq., of Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

August 1, in Upper Leeson st., Dublin, Mary, relict of the Rev. Thomas Orphen Stewart, and daughter of the late Sir Hopton Scott, of Ballygannon, co. Wicklow.

July 28, in Portarlington, Ellen, relict of Isaac Tyndall, Esq.

August 3, in Lower Leeson street, James Butler, Esq., of Castlecrine, county Clare.

August 3, at Bath avenue, Mr. Robert M. Sale, in his 70th year; he filled the situation of bookkeeper and confidential clerk for 30 years in the establishment of Mr. Daniel. Grafton street.

August 2, at 1, Dalymont, Phibsborough, aged 48, Ailcia, relict of James Garven, Esq., of Belturbet, county Cavan.

July 31, in her 24th year, of consumption, at the residence of her father, Borovale, Clonroche, Winifred Mary, the beloved wife of Mr. John Duggan.

July 24, at Carrick-on-Suir, aged 80 years, T. Jones, Esq.

July 28, in Limerick, Frances, widow of Richard Wilson, Esq., of Ballinacurra.

July 28, in Cork, the Rev. Richard Tottenham, late curate of Stradbally, county Waterford.

July 28, in Belfast, suddenly, Margaret, relict of Samuel Martin, Esq.

July 30, at Vianstown Cottage, Hugh Cleland, Esq., of Downpatrick.

August 1, in Kilkenny, aged 80 years, Mrs. O'Gorman, mother of the Rev. James O'Gorman.

August 2, at Barmeath, county Louth, Lady Bellew, aged 57 years.

August 3, at Burleigh, county Wexford, the Hon. Mrs. Quin, wife of Henry Quin, Esq.

At Islington, London, Augusta Anna, relict of J. Bonayne, Esq., of Ballenlaugh, county Cork.

July 29, at Bath, Charles E. Kirk, Esq., of Thornfield, Carrickfergus, late Captain in the 1st Royal regiment. He served throughout the Crimean campaign.

July 27, in London, Thomas Dowglass, Esq., late of Mount Ida, county Down.

July 5, at Hastings, Sussex, Thomas M'Enteer, Esq., barrister-at-law, eldest son of the late Mr. M'Enteer, of Dundalk.

July 30, at Warrenstown, county Meath, of paralysis, aged 66, Mary, the beloved and respected wife of Mr. John Cluskey.

At her residence in Navan, on Sunday, the 26th ult., in the 24th year of her age, Anne, the wife of an old and respected townsman, Mr. G. Florrey, Town Clerk.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Discovery of Human Remains in Kilkenny.—By the side of the road leading from the village of Johnstown to Ballyspillan Spa, celebrated as the resort of invalids since the days of Dean Swift, lies a mound, which, sixty years ago, before the erection of the house now standing in its close vicinity, must have been a lonely spot indeed. While cutting away the crust lately, in order to get at the sand, at the depth of six inches, the workmen engaged discovered some human remains, consisting of a skull, a small portion of which was shattered, and some of the bones of the legs and arms. The other portion of the remains would appear to have fallen very gradually and unperceived, as those found were just at the very edge of the mound where the sand is usually taken away. The skull appeared to be that of a small-sized man, and actually measured half an inch in thickness: some of the teeth, in an excellent state of preservation, still adhered to the jaws, from which is concluded that the age of the individual could not have been very great. The edges of the fragments had a honeycombed appearance, which points to the fact of its having lain a long time in its place of rest, and along the inside extending all round the skull, ran a thick red line, evidently a streak of blood, and hardened by time; over the skull and resting on it, was found a large stone—the only one for yards round the spot—the surface of which bore evident traces of having been in contact with some fibrous substance, such as linen or canvass, and in some parts of it there were spots presenting the appearance of blood. All things considered there was ample reason for believing that some deep mystery hung over the circumstance of a human being having found such strange sepulture, especially as a neighboring field afforded a place for interment in consecrated ground, and that some unfortunate person had been sent to his account, "unhouseled, unannointed, unannealed." The discovery, of course, excited no small interest in a quiet country village like this, and various were the reasons assigned for the remains being there. Some were for having it that the bones were those of some poor wornout rebel of '98, who, hunted by the yeomanry of the period, turned aside to breathe his last. Others suggested, that the place where the bones were found, having served as the site of an encampment for the regiments which marched through this village on their way from Dublin to Cork, to embark for foreign service under General Cathcart, during the Peninsular war, one of the soldiers might have died and been buried there. But a reason far more probable has been brought to light, which is as follows: About the year 1790 there lived in this village two men, named Wiggins and Broderick, stonecutters by trade, the latter of whom had served his time to the former. A few years after the date above-mentioned, a jealousy appears to have arisen between the two men, formerly friends, but now rivals in trade. This jealousy soon led to alienation, and subsequently to hatred on the part of Broderick, as was asserted at the time. Both worked at the same quarry, which was situated near the spa, and was a distance of two miles from the village, but never went together after the first difference they had. Wiggins, who was very much liked by the people, was a man of weak frame, and the smaller of the two. One day he went out as usual to work, but was not observed to return in the evening. Being a man of very regular habits, this excited the more attention. The surprise was great at his not being seen the next day at work. Days, weeks, and months passed, and still there was no account of Wiggins. The thing was a mystery. In the course of a year after his disappearance, Broderick, who had a family, betook himself to parts unknown, leaving behind him a lucrative business, now that he was without a rival, which excited suspicion, and led many to believe that Broderick was more nearly connected with that rival's disappearanae than he cared to confess. But justice was not swift-footed in those days; and he was allowed to depart. Years passed on, and Broderick had been gathered to his fathers, when his family returned to the home of their youth, only, however, to be execrated and pointed at as the offspring of the man who had made away with Wiggins. They, too, unable to bear the tide of popular feeling with the recollection of their father's supposed crime aroused, left the neighborhood, to the great relief of the villagers, many of whom, still alive, remember the sad story of Wiggins the stonecutter. Of course, at this distance of time, further inquiry would be unprofitable; but there is little doubt that the remains discovered are those of the man referred to.—*Evening Mail.*

The Will and the Way.—I learned grammar, says Cobbett, when I was a private soldier, on the pay of a sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack my bookcase, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even at that. To buy a pen or a piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had not a moment to call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most reckless men—and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say if I, under the circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task—is there, can there be, in the wide world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?

Wealth, Parsimony, and Beggary.—An aged woman, who resided in the Rue Guisarde, where her deplorable poverty-struck appearance long excited the compasion of all the inhabitants, died a few days ago. On her deathbed she displayed extraordinary parsimony. She refused to burn a candle which was sent her by a charitable person, or to taste an orange, likewise a present; for oranges, she said, were too expensive to eat. On being pressed to make use of these trifling gifts, she burst into a fit of rage, which hastened her end. The judge de paix came after her death to seal up any property that might exist, and he declared the whole of the furniture and wardrobe possessed by the deceased to be worth less than twenty francs. When on the point of leaving the room the attention of this officer was directed to a basket heaped up with filthy rags, which stood at the foot of the bed. Touching this basket with his foot, he was struck with its weight, and on examination it was found nailed to the floor. The filthy contents of the basket were thrown out, and at the bottom was discovered a sum of 83,000 francs (£3,320) in gold. The treasure was taken at once to the Caisse des Depots and Consignations; and it is said that a nephew of the deceased has already instituted a claim on this unexpected inheritance. The deceased had formerly been a servant in several high families, was 85 years of age at the time of her death. She lived by begging for the last forty years.—*Galignani.*

The Heat in Paris.—The *Globe* correspondent gives a humorous account of the weather in Paris: "The sun pours down a volume of fire on the boulevards and open places, and transforms the pavements into smoking ovens. The few foot passengers trip along with that nervous jump peculiar to young bears that are being taught to dance on heated iron plates. The consumption of ices at the Cafes is fearful, but the restaurants are deserted, for it is too hot either to cook or to eat. The thousands of workmen employed in embellishing Paris sneak into shady corners and drop off to sleep. When the lazy Englishman slumbers on the ground he reclines on his back, throws his legs into curious shapes and covers his face with his cap. The Frenchman, on the other hand, lies flat on his nose, and always appears suffering from incipient stomach ache. The very rogues and pickpockets are too lazy to dash at the heap of bank notes contained in the windows of the money-changers; yet I am sure they might do so with impunity, for the owners would not give themselves the trouble to cry 'stop thief.' I could continue for hours to expatiate on the terrible heat that overwhelms us, but it would be labor thrown away."

General Cavaignac.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "An absurd report has circulated for the last few days to the effect that General Cavaignac had been arrested, and that he is now confined in some mysterious dungeon. It is hardly necessary to say that there is not a word of truth in this rumor. General Cavaignac has not been in Paris for many weeks; he was not here even during the elections. He is residing on a small property near Chateau du Loir, in the department of the Sarthe, with his family, and concerns himself very little with public affairs. He is, in fact, living in the utmost tranquillity. Without being very opulent he is in possession of an ample income, which has been increased by the death of his uncle, and in other respects he is to all appearances among the most contented of men. He took no part in the late elections beyond placing his name at the disposal of his political friends. For the present his chief occupation seems to be superintending the building of a small pavilion in his grounds. The house he occupies is small, and General Cavaignac wishes to have a spare room cr two for the accommodation of a few friends who may happen to visit him. This is the only durance to which he is reduced."

An Electioneering Incident of 1751.—It appears from the journals of the 10th of May, says the *Parliamentary History*, that one Thomas Long, gentleman, was returned for the borough of Westbury, in the county of Wilts, who, being found to be a very simple man and not fit to serve in that place, was questioned how he came to be elected. The poor man immediately confessed to the House that he gave to Anthony Garland, Mayor of the said town of Westbury, and one Watts, of the same, £4 for his place in Parliament. Upon which an order was made that the said Garland and Watts should repay unto the said Thomas Long the £4 they had of him. Also that a fine of £20 be assessed for the Queen's use on the said corporation and inhabitants of Westbury for their scandalous attempt.

A Black Calendar of Crime.—The calendar of prisoners for trial at the present Liverpool Assizes is one of the blackest catalogues of crime that has been issued for some long time. There are ten cases of murder in it (to which will have to be added another, from Manchester, in which three prisoners are for trial); 14 of stabbing, wounding, &c.; one of shooting, one of attempting to blow up a house, five of rape and five of perjury, besides a long list of burglaries and other offences.

A Precious Legacy.—The *Moniteur du Calvados* states that a workman of Orne, in that department, having read in some foolish book of the great properties possessed by a rope which had served to hang a man, committed suicide, and left behind him the following note: "Farewell my wife and children! As I have no fortune to bequeath you, I leave you an article which will enable you to succeed in all you attempt. Divide amongst you the rope with which I have hanged myself."

Brigands in Lombardy.—A band of brigands, under a chief named Stringhini, having recently attacked a diligence in the environs of Cremona, the local authorities have given orders that the strictest surveillance shall be exercised in those parts. Stringhini's band, which consists of forty men, has for several years been the terror of the country, and has sometimes even gone the length of levying forced contributions on villages. Stringhini, who is thirty-five years of age, is the son of a farmer, and possessed of a certain degree of education, having for some years attended the University of Pavia. He displays the greatest courtesy to the victims of his brigandage, having on one occasion offered a smelling bottle to a lady who was about to faint, and always having excellent cigars for gentlemen.

A Curious Way to get Rested.—It is a custom in Berwickshire, England, among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs on the lumber region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed." This custom is called "jogsi" in Africa; in our country it is "straightening the back."—*Notes and Queries.*

A "Bloody Murder" in Australia.—It was rumored that a cruel and mysterious murder had been committed near the dry diggings of Daylesford. There is a large deep waterhole, in a secluded spot, which one might easily imagine to be the scene of such a deed. Blood was seen near the rim of the hole, and in several places down the side. The police were on the alert—the neighborhood was in an uproar. Drags of all kinds were procured, and the inspector and his men were all the week indefatigably engaged in endeavoring to solve the enigma. At length their labors were crowned with success. Something heavy was felt on the drag; it was slowly and solemnly raised to the surface. It was the mangled body of—a dog!—*Melbourne Age.*

The Oak.—The oak is assigned the chief rank among the trees of the forest. This majestic tree claims pre-eminence for the grandeur of its appearance, its great durability, and its consequent extensive utility to man, especially for building and shipping purposes. If we except the cedar, it is, perhaps, the longest-lived of the vegetable creation, attaining to the age of 900, and even 1,000 years. Thus generation after generation is swept from the face of the earth, dynasty subverts dynasty, nations spring up, flourish and decay, whilst the monarch of the woods, bidding defiance to the fury of the storm, and braving the attacks of time, outlives century upon century an unshaken monument of enduring might.

The Navies of France and England.—The navy of France is composed of 317 sailing vessels, carrying 9,176 guns, and 220 steamers, carrying 4,901 guns—making a total of 537 vessels and 14,077 guns. According to the navy list of Great Britain for 1856, the effective force of that country was 269 sailing vessels, carrying 9,362 guns, and 258 steamers, with 4,518 guns—making a total of 527 vessels and 13,880 guns. It will thus be seen that the navy of France exceed that of Great Britain by 10 vessels and 197 guns. This is a very small difference, and the navies of the most powerful maritime powers in Europe may therefore be set down as about equal.

The Russian Army.—Means have been taken to improve the efficiency of the Russian army. A committee, composed of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, of General Grunewald and others, is occupied with the reorganization of the cavalry. Another committee, comprising fourteen members, is directing its attention to the latest improvement in firearms, and is presided over by Prince George of Mecklenburg, who commands all the rifle regiments in the service. It is in contemplation to form thirty-six battalions of rifles, and to add a rifle company to each battalion of the line and of the guard.

The Schoolmaster in France.—The prefect of the Allier has dismissed the schoolmaster of Lignerolles, a man named Bouchet, for maintaining intimate relations with the most ardent demagogues of Montlucon, and for daily frequenting *cafes* to which such persons resort. The prefect adds, that a man with such connections and such habits is unworthy of being charged with the education of youth. The same prefect has ordered nine *cafes* or public houses in the arrondissement of Montlucon to be closed, on the ground that they are the customary places of demagogical meetings.

Partridge Hatching Extraordinary.—Robert Northarst, gamekeeper to Sir R. P. Glyn, of Fontmell, Magna, having been supplied with a large quantity of partridges' eggs by the grass mowers, and at the time having but one sitting hen, a Cochin China, placed 74 eggs under her, from which in a few days she produced 56 birds. Four eggs were destroyed, and the other 14 being placed under another hen, the property of Mr. Haskell, in a few days brought forth 14 more partridges, making in number 70 birds from 74 eggs.—*Sherborne Journal.*

Prorogation of Parliament.—Parliament was prorogued either on Saturday, the 22nd, or Monday, the 24th instant.

Imagination.—Thomas Fuller relates a curious incident which is truly characteristic, and shows how fancy will put life into young limbs. "*A* gentleman," he says, "having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them, which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedges as nags for them, and a larger one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home."

Introduction of Carpets.—Carpets were known in Italy much earlier than in England; in the latter country, indeed, they were not adapted to the habits of the people in the reign of Elizabeth, and we find that even the presence-chamber of that queen was, according to Hentzner, strewed with hay, by which he meant rushes. The custom was not confined to England, but prevailed even in Italy after carpets had been first introduced. The use of rushes for covering floors is alluded to frequently by Shakspeare.

Moore the Poet.—The Moore testimonial competition has been decided in favor of Mr. Mulvany's plans, which, we are informed, anticipate the future site for the statue of "Ireland's bard" to be at the intersection of College street with Westmoreland street, and opposite the western portico of the Bank of Ireland. In case the corporation acquiesce in the wishes of the committee, the testimonial will be in a very central and conspicuous situation, and no doubt will be an attractive feature in the city. —*Dublin Paper.*

The Newspaper Staff.—The literary *corps* of a first-class morning paper is very numerous and expensive. Mr. Hunt, who, at the time of publishing, was managing editor of the London *News*, states it to consist of a chief editor, 18 guineas a week; sub-editor 12 guineas; second sub-editor, 10 guineas; foreign sub-editor, 8 guineas; writers about 4 guineas a day, £25; 16 Parliamentary reporters, one at 7 guineas, and the others at five guineas per week, £87 7s.

The "British Lion" is happily laid on the shelf: he has ceased to roar and lash his tail; but there is another pestilent figure which should also be devoted to ridicule, namely, "the small end of the wedge." Whenever the repeal of any preposterous old law, disgracing the statute-book, is proposed, some numskull gets up and prates of the danger of introducing the small end of the wedge. We never hear this stupid, hackneyed warning without thinking how much electors have to answer for, for introducing the big end of a blockhead into parliament. Thirty years ago we were assured that the Protestant constitution of the country would be destroyed by the Catholic Emancipation Act, and now we are told by the Whitesides and Spooners in the Commons, and by Right Reverend Fathers in God in the Lords, that the government is insinuating the small end of the wedge, in proposing to repeal the Jewish Disqualification Oath. Surely we ought to have got to the big end of the wedge by this time.—*Liverpool Journal.*

The *Pays* contains the following: "Rossini is now residing at Passy, and receives a number of visitors. It is well known that for the last ten or twelve years the celebrated *maestro*, to the great regret of his admirers, has renounced all composition. A few days since, however, Viver, the horn player, was at the house of the author of the *Barbier de Seville*, where he played some pieces with more than usual talent. Rossini, who had formerly practised the same instrument, was so touched at hearing Vivier that on the following day he closed his door and kept himself shut up in his own room. When he left it he had composed a rondo which is not less than from fifty to sixty pages in length, and which he has dedicated to the artist who suggested its composition.

7,200 clergymen of the Church of England have signed a declaration that, "Remembering that it is declared in the Word of God that marriage with a divorced woman is adulterous, we fervently pray that the clergy of this realm may never be reduced to the painful necessity of either withholding the obedience which they must always desire to pay to the law of the land, or else of sinning against their own consciences, and violating the law of God, by solemnizing such marriages as are condemned as adulterous in His Holy Word."

During the worst days of the French revolution, and previous to the execution of Robespierre, a *restaurant* at Paris had a miniature guillotine, which, turned by a wheel, was employed to chop sausage meat. Thousands of people flocked to admire the spectacle.

A letter from Salonica states that the band of the noted brigand chief had carried off into the mountains Ressim Bey, the Cadi of Baraferia. They demand for his ransom a sum of 200,000 piasters and the release of two of their band, who are in the prison of Salonica.

It is stated in *La Presse* that Ledru Rollin brought an action against the *Times* for an article connecting him with the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor.

A London publisher has put up a notice that in consequence of Lord Campbell's bill he is about to give up selling obscene books and turn lawyer.

A few days ago an eagle struck dead a foal some days old, near Lord Elcho's shooting box, where it was pasturing with its mother.—*John O'Groat's Journal.*

All the members of the East India civil service on leave of absence have, with the exception of the sick, been ordered to return forthwith.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Rich Oratorical Climax.—A good story is told of an aspiring orator who held forth on the 4th of July, at one of the many celebrations in the "rural districts" in Ohio. His maiden speech duly prepared, and the telling portions committed to memory, he found himself in a state of thrilling nervousness before the people. All went on well, and he had, in a measure, recovered his self-command, when he arrived at the great climax of his speech—that portion of it in which he was to allude to "The American Eagle." Proudly he began, and tossed off, almost flippantly, "The American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird! the emblem of our liberties, gentlemen, as she stands—" when suddenly the rest of his labored simile faded from his memory. Terrified at the discovery he gasped—he seized, nervously, a tumbler of water, and turned it, by mistake, inside his cravat, and took a fresh start, with a rush of desperation which bid fair to burst the bonds of his fettered imagination, and soar majestically away on the wings of the apostrophized "bird." "The American *Eagle!* the American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—standing—as she stands—standing" (with great vigor), "with one foot on the Alleghanies and the other on the Rocky mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the *Rocky* Mountains, and the *other* one on the Alleghanies, *shall—shall* HOWL, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, in the *glorious freedom* of—her NATIVE air!"

Willie has Departed.—About five years ago an infant was left at the house of a notorious woman in Cincinnati, with a sum of money and a request that it should be taken care of. The writer of the note was doubtless its mother, and she promised means to raise it when they were needed. The child was a boy, and the woman named it "Willie," who grew up to the age of five years a beautiful and promising boy—much admired by the neighbors, into whose houses he would often find his way. The *Commercial* of that city adds: "One day last week Willie died, and when Paradise had reclaimed its hostage from the world that had so coldly greeted its coming, the money for its burial was sent from the same unknown source through which came the request to raise the little foundling. And now little Willie sleeps in a nameless grave. The guilty mother, whenever the thought comes over her that Willie has gone, must feel a regretful pang, if not the bitter upbraidings of remorse, to know that she is only allowed to mourn in secret the death of Willie. The *really guilty* woman—her name hidden from the world—is, no doubt, courted and flattered, by respectable society, while the woman who showed she had a heart in the course she pursued toward Willie is shunned and despised.

Who are Aristocrats?—Twenty years ago this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth carried on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers. The old gent is discharged. The young gent takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do if he does not. So that in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all. Three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich—his children strut and use the money. The children, in turn, inherit the pride and go to shiftless poverty. Next, their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again.

Rowdyism on the Increase.—The tendency to rowdyism is apparent in villages as well as in all the leading cities. Every close observer sees that the increase of rowdyism goes far beyond the increase of population. To what, mainly, is the fact to be attributed? It is not the more lax control of boys by their parents, and guardians? In our own village, for example, there are dozens of boys who are notoriously known to be growing up in utter disregard of all parental and social restraint. In some cases they are emboldened to vicious conduct by their parents, who fly into a passion when their propensities are exposed to them; in others, parents admit their sons should be restrained, yet either from weakness, ignorance or carelessness, fail to perform their duty, and their children go on in their vicious course until the Penitentiary or State Prison brings them up. Such boys as these are, in later life, the materials out of which mobs are composed. Unrestrained by parental law in their youth they have nothing but contempt for statute law as they advance in years.—*Catskill Recorder.*

Frightened to Death.—In Denmark, Me., August 1st., a man named Grover shot a dog that was standing near a little daughter of Mr. John Blake. She was immediately seized with nervous spasms, continually clinging to her father, and crying that she should be shot, &c. This continued until Tuesday morning when she died. There is no doubt in the minds of those competent to judge, who saw the child, that her death was caused by fright from the shooting of the dog by her side. Grover has been arrested and committed to jail.

Be Polite.—The Hon. George McDuffee, of South Carolina, was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by its ears while his mother milked the cow, and a gentleman passing by said: "Good evening, my little son." George returned, "Good evening, sir," with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said, "Why don't you pull off your hat, my little man!" Geore answered: "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will pull of my hat to you." George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother, "Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give him a start in the world." The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness and let him take the charge of her son.

The Mayor of Chicago.—The Mayor of Chicago is thus described by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. A look at his picture may convert many to Greely's belief that "fops" are wanted very much in in this country just now: "He stands six feet in his stockings. Old straw hat turned down all around like a cotton umbrella—no neckcloth—short, bad-fitting linen coat—loose unmentionables, which look as if he had jumped too far into them and hadn't time to get back—unblacked, untied shoes, three sizes too large—and a slight stoop to the tall figure, and the picture is complete. You see him?—Well, sir, that shabby, elephantine individual, who looks as if he had not a cent in the world, is Johannes Elongatus, Mayor of Chicago, and he is worth five hundred thousand dollars."

How Farmers Get Along.—A farmer who lives at Port Byron, told us that he came to this county, five years ago, with a family of nine, and just seven dollars in cash, to begin the world upon. He has now a farm of nearly two hundred acres of as rich land as the sun shines on; good house, reapers, mowers, plenty of horse and stock and "silver to spare." He will harvest this year a hundred and thirty-five acres of wheat, fifty of corn, and about fifteen of oats. He will have several thousand bushels of grain, which will be worth, if there is an average yield and price, not far from five thousand dollars. Since he has left Rock Island County he has sold all his wheat at an average price of a dollar a bushel. This is only one instance out of many how farmers succeed in the West. —*Rock Islander.*

A Singular Child.—There is in our borough the most singular case of nervous excitability in a child that we have ever come across. It is that of a little fellow about four years old, who will not allow himself to be dressed. Whenever his mother attempts to put clothes on him, he screams terribly, runs out of the house, and hides himself in the barn, where he remains for hours. Every effort to coax a new pair of shoes or any garment on him is resisted with all his power; and if forced to submit, he seems to suffer the most excessive pain, and on one or two occasions we believe has gone into convulsions. He usually wears a night-slip, and when his mother wishes to change it, she is compelled to do it when he is asleep.—*Allentown Democrat.*

A Facetious Old Gentleman.—There is an old fellow named Ralph Fornham down in New Hampshire, who is one hundred and one years old. A strong effort was made to induce him to be present at the recent Bunker Hill celebration in Boston, he having taken a part in the battle. He declined going, on account of the distance, and when his son, a lad of sixty or seventy years, proposed to accompany him, replied, "If he went he didn't want to be bothered with the care of children!" He says he doesn't remember of ever being sick, but "believes he had a fever or something, eighty or ninety years ago!"

Wealth of Organ-Grinders.—The tribe of street musicians who daily grind "the endless barcarole of 'Poor Dog Tray,'" although often receiving more maledictions than pennies, nevertheless contrive to make a very respectable saving from their earnings. Many of them manifest a commendable frugality, and put their money out at interest. The Sicilian Consul at this port, Mr. Reggio, has now upwards of $15,000 entrusted to him by that portion of his countrymen resident in Boston who gain their livelihood by street music, and for which he allows them interest at the legal rate.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Yankee all Over.—Bayard Taylor tells a good story of a Yankee, who in walking along the streets of St. Petersburg one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two persons to pass, and the street was very deep in filth—whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand and cried out, "Crown or tail?" "Crown!" guessed the Grand Duke. "Your Highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble and stepping into the mud. The next day the American was invited by the Grand Duke to dinner.

An Eye to her Future.—Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you *are* dying!"

A Large Hay Field.—Mr. Guthrie, of Chicago, Illinois, has one field of 850 acres of hay, enclosed with good pine board and cedar post fence. He is cutting from other fields at least 1,000 acres besides, and expects to cut and press this year 5,000 tons of hay.

Snakes and Peafowls.—The peafowl is the natural enemy not only of the adder, but of every kind of snake. A friend assures us that some years ago he witnessed the following curious scene. His attention was attracted one morning by the loud call of a peacock, which was followed by the immediate flight of its congeners to the spot whence it proceeded. Upon arriving there himself, the birds were encircling an adder, and each striking it on the head in turns. The reptile was coiled up, and apparently had just died. The blows had all been given close to the little orifice in the neck which was very much lacerated.

Fetichism.—The Richmond *American* says that there are few persons who are aware that the rites of fetichism or African worship were practised in New Orleans as late as 1832, and perhaps later. The editor has seen the congo dances practised in that city in that year, with strange and wild ceremonies which could only have had their origin in the land in which the worshippers—for worship it certainly was—were either born, or from which they derived their blood.

Funeral of Ex-Secretary Dobbin.—The funeral of the late Hon. James C. Dobbin took place at Fayetteville, N. C., on the 4th instant, and the utmost respect was paid to the memory of the deceased. The procession, consisting of three military companies, members of the bar, and citizens generally, was a very large one. Places of business were closed, the bells tolled, and every other demonstration of universal respect manifested.

Shameful. — The Memphis *Bulletin* says that a man was lately found in Hicksman, Tenn., in the river tied with a rope to the stake, and with evident marks of violence. The Coroner refused to hold an inquest upon the body, and resigned his office. After a delay of several hours a magistrate went through with the required form, but both the city and county authorities refused to bury the body, and it was *actually cut loose and set afloat again.*

The Atlantic Telegraph.—The Superintendent of the New York and Newfoundland telegraphic line is about to open an office at Trinity Bay, the point where the Atlantic cable is to be brought ashore. This will enable them to communicate the result to New York the instant the telegraph fleet comes in sight.

The Widow of Henry Clay.—Mrs. Clay is seventy-six years of age. Until within a year she has been in hearty good health. Her feebleness is now, however, growing manifest, and the time is not remote when, in the tomb to be erected for her husband, she too will be consigned to her final earthly repose.

Gen. Pillow.—The name of this distinguished gentleman, says the *Southern* (Norfolk) *Statesman*, will be placed before the next Legislature of Tennessee as a candidate for the United States Senate.

Pretty Old.—"How old are you, Pete?" said a southern planter to one of his grey-headed negroes, one day. "I dunna, Massa, I feels very old; spect I'se about five or six hundred."

"Nothing to Wear."—At Chicago, a few evenings since, a policeman seized the clothes of a man found bathing in the lake, and left him to make his way home in a state of nudity.

Elder Hyde says, in his book on the Mormons, that a great proportion of the children born in polygamy, at Salt Lake, are females, and the more wives a man has, the greater is the proportion of female children. There is also a fearful mortality among Mormon children. More children die in Salt Lake City, notwithstanding the salubrity of its climate, than in any other city of its size in the Union. According to their own census, the mortality of Utah is next to that of Louisiana, and the large proportion is children. Salt Lake City is, therefore, nearly as unhealthy as New Orleans. Brigham Young, considering the number of his wives, has but a very small family, not over thirty children. His houses are filled with his women, but his children are in their graves.

An exaggerated notion of one's own self-importance is the greatest obstacle in the way of doing permanent good. There are very few men who are so really great as to render themselves indispensable. Many, however, are led to believe themselves such, and the result is that after having created a great deal of trouble, they are painfully undeceived by being cast aside in self-defence by the party that they were embarrassing by their meddlesome officiousness.

A kind-hearted and affectionate spouse, bonneted and shawled, very recently appeared at the door of a room where her good-natured liege lord was about to indulge in a comfortable snooze. "My dear, I am going shopping. What shall I bring you to comfort you?" I don't know, love; I don't think of anything I want particularly just now. I will tell you, however, what I want you to *don't* bring me." "What is it, pray?" "Pray don't bring me in debt!"

The Princeton (Ind.) *Clarion* tells a story of a scythe fight near Oakland, in that county. Some of the hands in a wheat field got into a row and used their ugly weapons so effectually that two men were wounded, if not more dangerously, certainly more fearfully to look at than any we have ever heard of who survived. One man received a wound in the thigh eighteen inches long by two inches deep, and another was wounded quite as badly in the chest.

The snow arch at Tuckerman's Ravine, White Mountains, partially caved in on Saturday week. A large mass of snow, however, yet remains to be melted.

About a month since a number of merchants at Indianapolis, Ind., applied to the chief of the Cincinnati police for a shrewd detective officer to ferret out a gang of counterfeiters that they believed were in the vicinity, and that officer has succeeded in developing some astounding facts, leading to the arrest of a dozen of the "most respectable people" in central Indiana. No names are given, but the affair created great excitement in the vicinity.

A jury in Ottawa, Canada, being unable to agree in a murder case, proposed to decide the fate of the supposed murderer by the toss of a copper. This was done but did not prove satisfactory, and at length it was agreed that they should divide and fight across a table, six against six, the winning party to dictate the verdict. They thought better of this, however, and were finally discharged without agreeing on a verdict.

A young man named Horn, on his way home from church at Moultenborough, N. H., in company with two boys, went to the house of a man named Webster, and without permission commenced eating cherries. Webster suddenly raised a window and discharged a gun at them, wounding Horn severely in one of his arms. He is said to have been intoxicated at the time, and has been arrested and held in $500 for trial.

A farmer living on the line of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, near Greensburg, Ind., saw a large tree fall across the track, and knowing that the express train would come sweeping around the curve in fifteen minutes, rushed into the house, snatched off his wife's scarlet petticoat, and waved the signal of danger just in time to save the train from serious disaster.

We are in possession of an infallible recipe for making a lady's cheeks red without paint. For their especial benefit we publish it without charge. Here it is: Place her at a wash tub, with her sleeves rolled up, and hands full of dirty clothes. Then let her beau suddenly enter, and her cheeks will be a glowing red in an instant. This recipe has never been known to fail.

Foster Bates was arrested in Manchester, N. H., recently, charged with stealing a fat ox. When captured a young wife was found in his possession. As Foster was known to have two other wives and two or three children living, he was detained on a charge of bigamy as well as of ox stealing. He appears to have a weakness for wives and cattle.

Out of the fifty-nine Senators during the last Congress (there being vacancies from Indiana, Missouri and California,) no less than five have already passed away, viz: Messrs. Clayton of Delaware, Bell of New Hampshire, Adams of Mississippi, Butler of South Carolina, and Rusk of Texas. This record is without a parallel in the history of the country.

An old sinner who died in Morgan County, Indiana, on his death-bed made confessions leading to the arrest of some persons, who, with himself, had for years been carrying on operations of burglary, theft and counterfeiting. The gang comprises about 250 persons, only a few of whom are arrested.

The City Council of Dayton have appropriated $100 towards defraying the expenses of the Firemen's State Celebration at that place, on the 10th of September, and the citizens will probably raise three or four thousand dollars for the same object. They expect a grand time and a large crowd.

A few days since a minister in Senaca Falls, N. Y., hired a livery horse and wagon to go a journey. He was absent two days, swapped horses six times, and came back to the stable with the same horse he took out, having made $100 dollars by his operations.

Eighty years ago, the only railroad track laid down in Illinois ran from Naples, on the Illinois river to Jacksonville, a distance of twenty-one miles. Now there is scarcely a county in the State which is not either traversed by or within a short distance of a railroad.

The population of California is estimated at 507,067, of whom 332,380 are Americans, 65,000 Indians, 38,687 Chinese, 15,000 French, 15,000 Mexicans, 10,000 Germans, 10,000 Irish, 2,000 English, and 15,000 other foreigners, besides 4,000 negroes.

A convention will be held at Clarksville, Arkansas, on the 14th day of September next, to devise means for opening a wagon road to California, and to secure the transportation of the United States overland mail over said road.

There is a negro in Memphis, who is said to possess an estate worth $500,000. This negro belongs to his wife, a free colored woman, in whose name the property is held.

The cause of Senator Rusk's suicide is said to have been some forgeries with which his brother-in-law was connected, which were perpetrated on the Land Department.

The henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only let alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

When a daughter remarks: "Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make a good wife.

A firm in Buffalo has contracted to deliver 100,000 bushels of wheat at a decline of 50 cents on present prices.

A court in Ohio has decided that the loss of a railroad ticket falls upon the purchaser.

The entire labor of type setting for the Springfield daily *Argus* is now done by women.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. O'N., New York.—A Russian mission has continued since 1727 in Pekin, under the most humble exterior; but it has not the less ably served the religious interests of the Greek Church, the commercial interests of the overland trade, and even the territorial interests of Russia. Indeed it is not one of the least important circumstances in the present critical state of the Chinese Empire that Russia has acquired a very formidable position on its northern frontier, within a comparatively short distance of Pekin itself. Even in the very hour of her defeat in the Crimea, Russia, without noise or *fracas*, found means to advance her boundary to the Amoor and absorb half a province larger than any European kingdom! To Russia it is a commercial and political necessity to gain free access to unfrozen seas; and the superior maritime strength and knowledge displayed by the Russian squadron in the Eastern seas during the late war, is a proof of the attention she has bestowed upon the subject.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 29, '57.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE good old Jesuit de Strada little thought when explaining his discovery of the principle of the electric telegraph in his *Prolusiones* published at Rome in 1671 that it would actually enable in the early future two continents, nearly 2,000 miles apart, to converse with each other in a moment's time. And yet, God willing, when these pages shall have reached the reader, America will be linked to Europe by way of Ireland with a tongue of wire capable of expressing in a second to either, every thought which the mind conceives, and every feeling that actuates the heart. A great fulfilment truly of the good Jesuit's hazardous prophecy, and one in anticipation of which we may well recall his name. A Jesuit's it is and not likely to prove popular—but the student will scarcely fail to link it with that of Juan Perez, the Prior of La Rabida, in contemplating the services of Catholic ecclesiastics in American discovery and American progress. Let our Morses, and our Franklins, and our Fields, receive all honor as they deserve; but let it not be forgotten that as the Spanish Monk materially furthered the discovery of America, so a Catholic Churchman, the Roman de Strada, *first* conceived the idea of that telegraph which is destined in a few days to annihilate the space that divides her from Europe, and to give a voice and language to all her wants and wishes. In anticipation of the wedding of two worlds, the Old and the New, we were not human if we failed to glorify ourselves, but let us take care that our self-laudations be not tinged with ingratitude. The great dead deserve their laurels as well as the living.

The probable results of an instantaneous communication with Europe are too numerous to be detailed in an article. We will, therefore, only hint a few of them.

It will, in the first place, put a permanent check on the spirit of speculation and commercial gambling in Chance, which bade fair to bring about ruinous crises in our money market and our morals, or it will divert it into less harmless fields of action than our seaport cities. Commerce between Europe and America will assume a more certain character, and, if great fortunes will not be made in it so readily as heretofore, great failures, involving the community, will decrease for the same reason. The fictitious value of money will not be so subject as formerly to unnatural fluctuations, and the scales of prices on both sides of the Atlantic will become equalized by acting quickly on each other. The reader can add instances and illustrations at his leisure.

The political effects of the Atlantic Telegraph have been discussed at length in our dailies but neither we nor they can speculate with any certainty on them beforehand. The fact that in case of a difficulty between the Cabinet at Washington and the Court of St. James despatches may be transmitted with the velocity of lightning, instead of in the old way, only shows that we will know our quarrels and end them sooner. We are not prepared to believe that an unsatisfactory despatch started at Valentia will become a satisfactory one by transmission before it arrives at Newfoundland, and we are, therefore, highly incredulous of the virtue which our cotemporaries attempt to confer on the Atlantic Telegraph as a "Pacificator."

The social effects may be divided into two classes, those which will affect the community in the mass, and those which will operate upon individuals. In the sense that every unpunished crime is an outstanding injury to society the Telegraph may be expected to perform good service in the catching of criminals. A week hence, however, and he who wants to evade the law will find as great security in our midst as on a Collins steamer, and the future Sculyer will take to Jersey or Canada with the same sense of selfishness which now incites him to risk a sea voyage. Nevertheless, to those who *will* "tempt the treacherous main," that sunken line will be a constant and effective detective, preparing a reception more certain than agreeable. For individuals, of course, its main use will be found in the transmission of messages to friends, but we fear its availability is doomed to be prescribed, at least for a time, to people who have pressing news and well-filled purses.

In the readers of the TABLET, as a class, the Atlantic Telegraph excites high hopes in connection with Ireland, and we believe with some reason. It will, assuredly, stimulate Irish enterprize in its vicinity, and to a certain extent throughout the whole Island. But it is its moral influence as an enterpreter of Ireland to America and America to Ireland, that we value most. Take for instance the report of that Celebration at Valentia on the 6th inst. spread abroad before the American public during the past week. How many prejudices it has dispelled, how many kindly thoughts it has evoked—who can tell? Not you or I, reader, but we have both, perhaps, already felt its influence in the conversation of acquaintances and the higher opinion entertained of Ireland's importance in the world's work by her enemies. If that single Celebration did so much what may not the future bring about? More matter for congratulation certainly. Ignorance is the parent of prejudice, and everything that dispels the one slackens the hold of the other. When Americans know Ireland—as this Telegraph will make it known to them—when they learn to feel that their country and it are clasped hand to hand leisurely inspecting each other for purposes of criticism—their indifference will give place to interest and their prejudices make way for liberality and her sister virtues. They may feel that they are canvassing an old state of society—a despoiled country—but they will also feel that there are yet in Ireland, backwards as she is on the road of mechanical progress, qualities of mind and heart which, like the innate sanctity of a Saint, cast a halo round her poverty and give her the glory of a martyr. Alas! that these are all, or nearly all, she has to boast of—*besides* her noble harbors, her deep wombed mines, her history, and her scenery.

Yes, "her scenery;" and this leads us to hope that Ireland will soon take the place or less interesting lands, in the American's *route* of foreign travel. Apart altogether from her historical antiquity she has special claims on the American sight-seer. From her came, since Cromwell's time, at least five millions of souls, whose leading names are now a portion of our national history, and whose descendants are at present the most studied enigma of our national life—Kansas, perhaps, excepted. Compared with her, as even Thackeray and Willis are prepared to acknowledge, England is tame travelling, showing a stereotyped character in her rural population, and in her cities, only subjects for the reflection of the trader who goes abroad with an eye to business. How various, on the other hand, the characteristics of the Irish peasant—and, above all, how hospitable, how full of poetry and pathos is he! Then, not even in Switzerland does Nature rise into grander passions or wile with quieter loveliness!

For the Irish American of means there is no apology if he travel for pleasure in England, or France, or Italy in preference to his own or his father's native land. There are not ten men in our Exodus who have seen all Ireland's attractions from the Causeway to the Cove. Thousands of us were never able to see the curiosities of the county next to our own. Hundreds of us trampled over ruins even in our own county which an improved sense of their significance would force us now to walk among, if not with awe, with respectful bearing and thoughts befitting us. Let us give up the notion that Ireland was our own parish. It was a foolish, fatal notion which should have passed with our first sea sickness (if not sooner), and never have found refuge in America. Out upon it—and from this day forward you that can afford a foreign tour at all—we mean you of Irish birth, or lineage—go to Ireland and judge if she be what many of her sons insist "the best land for an Irishman to live and die in," or the unattractive object which her enemies would make her, if lying could transform facts, or destroy the foundations of evidence.

Meantime, all honor to those who planned and will, please God, carry out the scheme of the Atlantic Telegraph!

THE CHINESE "BARBARIANS."

THE War in China had its origin in the affair of the *Arrow*, and the affair of the *Arrow* had its origin in falsehood. There can be no doubt of it. Sir J. Bowring, in the letter written by him to Consul Parkes on 11th October said: "It appears, on examination, that the *Arrow had no right to hoist the British flag*; the license to do so expired on the 27th September, from which period she had not been entitled to protection." The affair of the *Arrow* took place on 8th October. And again, on the 13th October, he wrote: "I will consider the regranting the register of the *Arrow* if applied for; *but there can be no doubt that, after the expiring of the license, protection could not be legally granted.*" So that, in the opinion of the Governor of Hong-Kong, no insult had been offered to the British flag, for the *Arrow* had no right to bear that ensign, and consequently could not claim his protection. But in writing to the Chinese commissioner Yeh, Sir J. Bowring thought fit to state his view of the matter differently. "Whatever representations may have been made to your Excellency, there is no doubt that the lorcha *Arrow lawfully bore the British flag, under a register granted by me.*" Was this statement the result of some new discovery made after Bowring had written to Parkes in terms diametrically oppposite? Not so. How, then, came he to make it? Because, as he himself states in his letter of 11th October, "THE CHINESE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXPIRY OF THE LICENSE!" It is no matter of wonder that war opened with an English falsehood should be continued with the same weapon, but it is a sad evidence of the provincial spirit of the American press that it reiterates the absurd epithets of the English with a parrot's proficiency, and an equal amount of recklessness or ignorance. If we earned $150,000,000 annually by poisoning the Celestials as the English do—if we were implicated in the late atrocities at Canton, as they were—there would be some reason in attempting to destroy the character of our victims and to show that the world were well rid of them; but we see no reasons, good or bad, why we should sacrifice our characters as men of letters by reproducing the vagaries of English writers on Chinese enlightenment and Chinese morals.

Less than a hundred years ago Europe's greatest minds turned to China for the solution of social problems presented to them in their own societies, and although modern research does not justify their high estimation of Celestial government and manners, it by no means shows that they wholly exaggerated the theories upon which the one was based, and from which the others flowed. True it proves that the Chinese are expert liars and gamblers, and that the national character is wormeaten with these vices, and in so far it attests the commonplace that even "great men are not prophets;" but if it has brought us to a greater knowlegde of Chinese vices, it has also given us a greater insight into their history, their accomplishments, and their virtues.

Look where you will over Chinese annals or books of travel and you will nowhere find that the learned class has been neglected or starved. You will search in vain for hungry Churchills, Otways, Gays, Chattertons, and Goldsmiths. No Chinese Johnson has been forced to write another *Rabelais* for a week in a lonely room of some Chinese Litchfield where his mother lay unburied, to procure the means of interring her. The learned class in fact rule China. From such members of it as have distinguished themselves at the examinations, the Ministers of Justice, Finance, Police, and Public Instruction are selected, nor is any preference displayed for birth or rank, even though the blood of Confucius flow in a candidate's veins. Education is common, and cheap; books are plentiful, and easily obtained; and as every student may present himself for examination in the Civil Service department with the certainty, if he be not plucked, of getting some post or other, no one can reasonably complain of the hardships of the scholar's life. England has yet to learn from the Chinese the proper consideration and treatment due to literary men, and if on no other ground American editors ought to be chary of launching wholesale condemnation against a people who practically carry out the *dictum* of Segar in his book on "Honor"—"A gentleman ennobled for learning is to be preferred before a gentleman born and rich."

The Chinese, at no period of their history, have been enslaved by the bondage of *castes*, like the Hindoos, or ancient Egyptians, or modern English. They sustain no aristocracy at home, and no Guelps abroad. All human blood is alike to them, and if they give taxes to their rulers they do so to preserve their form of government, and not to pay for plush, oppression and profligacy. Strange people these Chinese—to be "barbarians"—and very like ourselves!

Religion in China stands apart from every known form of Oriental faith, inasmuch as it lays no claim to a Divine origin. Another peculiarity of it is—and in this respect it differs from all other Eastern systems—that the civil and religious institutions of China are almost independent of each other. The State rarely, if ever, appeals to the authority of religion, and seems nearly to realize Bayle's famous, though now almost forgotten hypothesis, of the possibility of a commonwealth of atheists. Three sects are recognized as legitimate by the Government, but it gives preponderance to none of them. How like our own free country, after all, is this China! If the national jealousy of foreigners has prevented it from proclaiming toleration to *all* religions, the national sense of "equal rights" has prevented it from quartering *one* at the public expense. It does not tax those who disbelieve in Confucius to sustain the *Juk-yao*, as Irish Catholics are taxed to support the Church by Law Estab-

blished in England. Ah, no! ignorant souls, the Chinese have not yet learned the lesson of refined civilization which England inculcates in drawing $30,000,000 yearly from its poorest population, to pay a class for abusing them with the high sanction of a British Cabinet!

Again, the Chinese might be imitated with benefit by those who bedaub them: on the score of sobriety, for they are rarely intoxicated,—of frugality, for they are seldom spendthrifts—and of obedience to elders and superiors, for they are usually courteous and respectful. In the purlieus of Canton, Europeans have corrupted them with alcohol and evil example, but drunkenness is seldom seen apart from an Englishman in the interior.

We repeat, if we earned $150,000,000 a year by poisoning the Chinese as the English do—if we were implicated in the late atrocities about Canton as they are—there would be some sense in taking part in the senseless cry against the Chinese. That cry as we have shown is the cry of a self-sufficient and interested people, and wholly unworthy of a different atmosphere from that they live in.

THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE'S" FEATHERS RUFFLED.—The Editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* (who is, we believe, an Irish Catholic named McClusky) instead of denying the charge that his publisher's paper is used as a "tract distributor," or keeping silent, avoids either sensible course by getting angry and spluttering abusive epithets. We were led by the representations of his friends to suppose that he entertained a fair sense of editorial propriety and good manners; but we will be better able to determine in future, from his example, how far an Irish Catholic conducting a Protestant sheet may sink in his own self-respect, and hoodwink his acquaintances.

Our charge, however, against the *Eagle* is a true one, and we urge its Catholic subscribers, who have not already done so, to promptly kick it out of their houses. They are not obliged by conscience or necessity to support a paper professedly neutral in religion, but really a vehicle of sectarian rant, cant, and fly-sheet godliness.

The Abbe Huc's "Travels in China, Tartary and Thibet," just issued by the Messrs. Sadliers, in two vols., is, although we say it, an excellent edition of an excellent work. Its paper, printing, and binding, display the same good taste and enterprize which—shall we add?—characterize the mechanical department of the TABLET. This is high praise we know, but it is deserved, and that justifies it.

A deep stillness has fallen upon the once noisy Irish recruiting-sergeants of Walker, and if they have been shamed into silence by the beggarly spectres with Irish names living on the crumbs of the charitable at the City Hall steps, there is still hope for them. By a happy provision of Providence sensibility outlives character and often suggests a means for recovering it.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* promises a rich and entertaining treat to its readers in the purposed republication of O'Neill Daunt's "Personal Recollections of O'Connell" from our pages. An inside view of the life of the great "agitator" will not fail to give its American subscribers a more just opinion of his merits and popularity than they generally entertain.

The grand jury of Louisville have returned true bills of indictment against Prentice of the *Journal* and Durrett of the *Courier*, for carrying concealed deadly weapons, and for personal attacks made upon each other in the streets.

We are indebted to the publishers, Dunigan & Brother, for "MY TRIP TO FRANCE," by Rev. J. Donlan, which will be noticed in our next.

SEPOY "ATROCITIES."—TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

[*From the London Times, Aug. 7th.*]

We claim the confidence of our readers when we tell them that we have received letters from the seat of rebellion which inform us that these merciless fiends have treated our countrymen, and, still worse, our countrywomen and their children, in such a manner that even men can scarcely hint to each other in whispers the awful details. We cannot print these narratives; they are too foul for publication. We should have to speak of families murdered in cold blood—and murder was mercy—of the violation of English ladies in the presence of their husbands, of their parents, of their children—and then, but not till then, of their assassination. The well nigh universal massacre of the British officers by the Sepoys was the mildest feature of the affair; of the horrors which in too many instances preceded the massacre we cannot speak. Now, within the last few days we have observed the first symptoms of the growth—with regard to these mutineers—of that spirit of maudlin humanity, which even upon lesser occasions has led to so much evil, but which in this instance may occasion results far more tragical than any of which we have yet had experience. On grounds both of justice and of policy, then, we are prepared to maintain that these Indian ruffians must be made to feel the consequences to themselves of the wrath which they have provoked. We are prepared to support our officers and soldiers in the discharge of their duty if they have retaliated upon these monsters according to the measure of their offences. Even if we admit—which it is impossible to do—any palliation for the murder by the Sepoy soldiers of their officers, what had our poor outraged countrywomen done that they should be so foully abused? What injury had the wretched English children inflicted upon the population of British India in general, or upon the Bengalese soldiers in particular, that their brains should be dashed out against the ground—that they should be flung up in the air, and be caught as they descended upon the bayonets of these villains? For these things shall not a full and ample atonement be exacted? We are very confident that we represent the feelings and opinions of the inhabitants of the British empire, with the exception of a small and insignificant fraction of cold-blooded theorists, when we say that the European officers and soldiers now employed in the suppression of this military mutiny may look for the unhesitating support of their countrymen, however stern may be the measures which they think proper to employ.

We have no desire to justify the acts of the maddened Sepoys. If so numerous and heinous as reported they can be justified by no plea however ingenious, and palliated by no excuses however specious. The law of nature condemns them, and the law of necessity cannot be urged in defence of their perpetrators for to ensure success as against their rulers it was wholly unnecessary to imitate them in barbarity. This, however, may be said of the Sepoys: that they only practice what they learned from their former masters—what is taught them still by the hellish executions at Lucknow and Ferezapore, and, that, when a nation vaunting its "civilization" gives them *such* example, *it* should blame them little for taking pattern by it.

Why it is only as yesterday that a Parliamentary Commission dragged to light the atrocities perpetrated by English tax-gatherers on the natives of India—atrocities heralded forth in the very pages where the *Times* affects to forget them. From the evidence taken by this Commission it was proved that punishments were inflicted on the bodies of Indian men and women "in such a manner that men can scarcely hint to each other in whispers the awful details." Ah! but the merciless "fiends" in these cases were English officers acting under English commissions, and what was at most, according to the *Times*, "injudicious" in them, is now too horrible to mention, in the Bengalese soldiers.

Fearful as may be the retaliation of the Sepoys, it is as yet, so far as we have seen, clemency when compared with the retribution carried out by English commanders. Forty men, seized as mutineers, are marched to the execution ground, tied to the mouths of cannons, and blown to atoms, in the presence of a vast crowd of Native spectators. The correspondent who describes the scene says: "Some cried out, 'Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty!' Two others—'Hold your snivelling—die men, not cowards; you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! They are not sahibs, they are dogs!' The commanding officers then directed the port-fires to be lit. 'Ready! Fire!' and the drama was played out. The scene and stench were overpowering." Fellow us an atrocity for this in the news of the Indian rebellion. You cannot: nature sickens at it. No wonder "that the Native population were awe-stricken; that they shook like aspen leaves, and changed into unnatural hues." And well might the writer of the *Times* stay his pen in horror at the mere thought of the infamous spectacle.

It is an English custom, this crying out when the deeply wronged deeply retaliate. Wherever the English flag flies to-day beyond the soil determined by the Tweed and John O'Groats, it has been practised. Irish History teems with it. American History is full of it—this hypocrisy of "injured innocence." Happy for the world, say we, that men with arms in their hands treated it in both countries, but more successfully in this, as the robber's cry for mercy, simulated for a time that he might with more effectiveness and security spring at their throats.

The Sepoy has a thousand years before him ere he can fully learn to claim the immunities of "civilized" while waging a barbarous warfare. Let us hope that he will not take England as his preceptor, or prefer to remain as he is in "benighted" ignorance.

DEDICATION.—The dedication of the new Catholic Church at Jamaica, L. I., under the patronage of St. Monica, took place last Sunday. The Church was filled, and everything went off admirably. The Rev. Mr. Cassidy of *the Star of the Sea*, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fagan of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Rev. Mr. McEnerny, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Byrne of Flushing. The Right Rev. Bishop McLoughlin preached on the occasion from the 13th chapter of St. John. The sermon was very impressive, and was listened to with intense interest by the audience.

The Church is of brick, 100 feet long by 50 in width, with a Sacristy 20 feet by 40, very tastefully ornamented by the Italian fresco painter Paddrasci. It speaks volumes in favor of the Rev. Anthony Farley, under whose pastoral charge it has been brought to completion. It has cost about $20,000. The ground on which it stands was presented to the Pastor by a Catholic lady of New York. The Catholics of Jamaica have good reason to be proud of this noble monument of their zeal in the faith of their fathers, which their liberality has erected. This and the new Church dedicated at Glen Cove on last Sunday week, prove that the Catholics of Long Island are not behind the age in their zeal for erecting Catholic tabernacles and diffusing Catholic faith.

"GATHER UP, GATHER UP!"

Hark! a cry is in the streets—
"Gather up, gather up!"
Everywhere the ear it meets—
"Gather up!"
"Gather up!"—but what and why?
Things deemed waste by thriftless eye,
Gold are to Economy—
"Gather up!"

Nought created should be lost—
"Gather up, gather up!"
Least is oft in God's eye most—
"Gather up!"
Every atom He has made,
Under contribution laid,
Lends to man some special aid—
"Gather up!"

Nothing scorn, however small—
"Gather up, gather up!"
Crumbs that from your table fall—
"Gather up!"
He who once five thousand fed
With one meal of fish and bread,
And had abundance left, yet said—
"Gather up!"

No such word as "refuse's" known—
"Gather up, gather up!"
Nought can profitless be shown—
"Gather up!"
All the faculties of mind
And matter application find,
When they're suitably assigned—
"Gather up!"

The paper, treasuring holiest thought—
"Gather up, gather up!"
From the foulest rags is wrought—
"Gather up!"
Acorns form the forest pride,
Drops compose the ocean tide,
Years are minutes multiplied—
"Gather up!"

Spurn not mean ones of the earth—
"Gather up, gather up!"
All have souls of priceless worth—
"Gather up!"
Those the world may now despise
God shall, at the great assize,
To His courts beyond the skies—
"Gather up!"

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

CARRIER WANTED—To serve the TABLET in the eastern part of this city, comprising the 7th, 10th, 17th and 18th Wards. Apply at 164 William street, up stairs.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the TABLET against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery by adding their own initials. The Publishers of the TABLET have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

Mr. James McAlevy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and in all the neighboring towns he may visit.

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NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

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The TABLET can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

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CANADA WEST.—Mr. P. Fahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in Canada West.

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the TABLET in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in all the towns he may visit in Western New York. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the TABLET in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the NEW YORK TABLET in the Abingtons, Bridgewaters, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

LONDON, C. W.—Our friends in London, C. W., will find the TABLET for sale at the Bookstore of Bernard Henry, Richmond street.

The TABLET can be had at the Bookstore of P. King, No. 101 Twenty-eight street, near St. Stephen's Church. He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Books, Beads, Pictures, &c.

We call the attention of Schools and Colleges to the advertisement of Class Books on the 16th page. They have met with a decided approbation from all the Colleges and Schools where they have been introduced, and the Catholic Press have been unanimous in their praise—a few specimens of which are given in the advertisement. Colleges and Institutions would do well before purchasing to examine our Catalogue; they will find a full assortment of School, Classical, and Historical Works.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY.—Studies will be renewed at the above institution on September 1st; and also in all the schools under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Academy of the Holy Infancy, Manhattanville, will resume the exercise of the ensuing scholastic year on Monday, August 31st.

BROTHER STYLIEN, Director.

NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 15, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

After reading all the newspapers, and visiting all the places of importance in and around Newport, I thought of writing to the TABLET. Leaving that pearly State, so famous for its "oyster wars," "blue laws" and "mud," and so unmercifully hated by your prejudiced New Yorkers, I arrived in the Saratoga of the East on Tuesday morning. The place is filled with visitors, though they say it is not so crowded as in former times; that Satan in New York, the *Herald*, having frightened timorous people from all the watering places in the country, yet Newport has its share of fashion and extravagance in the shape of "bloomered" and "hooped" ladies, and "caned" and "mustachioed" gentlemen. Taking a trip along the streets of Newport you alternately meet gamblers, darkies, ladies in their *teens* for the last fifteen years, Indians, fops, and even Hong Kong himself may be seen asking the fashionable passers-by if they "wanted to buy a smoke?" Dancing is all the rage here; *hops* as often as twice and three a times a week take place in the hotels, though they bear no resemblance to the ball which was filled with "*fair* women and *brave* men," and which Byron so glowingly describes—in fact "*fair* women and *brave men*," are rare commodities among the *bon ton* of Newport.

But let me pass from men to things; for things are often more interesting than some men. Newport first began in Tanner street and extended to Marlborough street, where Gov. Coddington's house once stood, but which progress, that hater of the past, pulled down. Those who had charge of the laying out of the town seem to have been generous, for we read in the records—"At a general meeting it was ordered that the home allotments shall be four acres apiece, laid out conveniently where the ground affords; and that Mr. Coddington shall have six acres for an orchard." Governor Coddington's estate embraced all Farewell, North Baptist, and Thames street. His mansion stood in Marlborough street, fronting Duke. "It was ordered that the town shall be laid out, and built on both sides of the *Spring*, and by the sea-side southward," (now Thames street.) The spring here alluded to runs through Tanner street, a short distance below the jail, and empties into the harbor. The stream rises in Vaughan's Pond, a little northwest of Broad street. It was once so strong that it worked a water mill; but now the water is not very abundant. Gravelly Point was once surrounded by water; and in the Cove vessels of ninety and a hundred tons were built and could float where now only small boats can sail. But enough. I have been thus minute in describing one of the most fashionable watering places in the country, so that the poor crisped denizens of the city who may read the TABLET might know what sort of place this cold Greenland is.

Of course you could not imagine that St. Mary's Church and Schools would be unnoticed. The former is a fine edifice, 127 feet long by 61 wide. The altars, three in number, as well as the fifty windows of the Church, are beautiful. One of the windows cost no less than fifteen hundred dollars, and is a gift from a member of the congregation to the pastor. The female school attached to the Church is under the Sisters of Mercy, and the male school under Mr. Delany's charge speaks well for his activity and zeal as a teacher.

Among the many "sights" around Newport is the tomb in Willow Cemetery of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. What a pity his headstone was not topped with the emblem of man's redemption, so that we might feel assured he had triumphed in heaven as he has on earth over an enemy second only to the enemy of man's salvation, in hatred to his race!

J. M. B.

The diplomatic difficulty at Constantinople respecting the union of the principalities has come to a crisis. It has long been pending, and patience almost failed to trace the various steps by which the original divergence between the powers has widened to a rupture. How much is due to the overbearing temper of the two representatives of France and England who seem equally matched in arrogance, will appear later. While a telegraphic message from Paris or London may change the whole face of affairs at Constantinople in a single day, any speculation on the next step to be taken is out of place. We assume, however, that Prince Vogorides has blundered, that he has executed his commission in Moldavia with such clumsy zeal that the work will have to be done over again.

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S SERMON ON ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

On Sunday, the 19th ultimo, his Eminence delivered a most eloquent and touching discourse at Farm street Church, Berkeley square, London, in behalf of the new hospital in Great Ormond street, entrusted to that division of the Sisters of Mercy who gave their heroic services to the army in the Crimean war. The sermon was confined to the grand enduring works which owe their origin and existence to the active, ingenious, and comprehensive charity of the great Apostle of Mercy, and their enduring stability to the devoted energy, wise organization, and profound policy with which he founded them.

His Eminence first touched upon the nature of the Old Law and the character of the men it had produced. He then alluded to the holy men who had lived and labored in the earliest times under the new dispensation, together with the mighty and extended works which had sprung up under the auspices of the most devoted men Christianity had produced, and then ably drew the marked distinction which stamped the genius of St. Vincent. "If," said he, "we can point to St. Chrysostom for eloquence, to St. Thomas for profundity, to St. Bonaventure for holiness, if there be one Saint so distinguished for benevolence and mercy in the Church of God that he has deserved to be called the 'Apostle of Charity,' it is that man who, of all others, disposed of every ordinance in the Church so as to give it new scope for charity, and established more godly works of piety than any other Saint before or since. They have stood the test of time and circumstances, and, instead of declining, continue to flourish and increase."

There existed in his time—and to a certain extent there exists still—a black and yawning abyss dug beneath the very feet of society, unseen and unheeded, for the world was unconscious alike of its existence and its horrors. It might be called a huge and hideous drain into which flowed, from all sides, corruption of every sort. The beings who had their abode in this degraded locality endured a condition of misery unmitigated by any touch of sympathy; shut out from their kind, they were cut off from human recognition, forsaken and forgotten, and none would have pitied them, had they remembered them; for justice itself had dug this pit of despondency, and none were supposed to be cast into it but those who, by a sort of mercy, had been forgiven the last summary execution of the law, and it had been as well to turn to use their rude and course strength. This was the galleys, where herded together, their long days and nights were spent in compulsory labor of the hardest kind, enforced with harsh revilings and often the use of the lash and the threat of the halter, while, on their part, rebellious execrations and blasphemous curses were the only discourse that proceeded from their lips. As they were restrained by no law but that of violence and cruelty, so was their speech full of obscenity, bitterness, and muttered vengeance; they would have been staggered by no obstacle, could they but obtain liberty. Thus they lived and thus they died, without a kind word or a look of compassion, still less with any preparation for a reconciliation with their Maker.

What a sublime idea, then, was it of St. Vincent to open the mouth of this cavern, scarcely less than infernal, and not only to *look* in, but to descend into its darkness, to enter its remotest recesses, and, fearless of the ferocity of its inmates, to say, "I will save these lost sheep!" And this is what he did. He addressed himself to them, he spoke to them the first words of love they had heard for years. He did not argue for the justice of their punishment, or tell them they deserved their fate; but he wept over them, he lost no chance by which he could win their affection. He knelt at their feet, he kissed their chains, he taught them to bless their captivity as a means of grace, he instructed these abandoned outcasts that even they had their bonds of which they might make an offering to God. He pointed to the sufferings of God's own Son, to which they might unite theirs as an acceptable expression of their sorrow and repentance. Such devotion, such words, and above all the loving tone in which they were uttered, penetrated into their hearts; they listened, and by degrees hundreds and thousands disposed themselves to obtain the forgiveness of the Church. They became most peaceable and most docile, and their oaths and complainings were turned into praise and prayer. Here were men brought within the pale of God's mercy, who, but for St. Vincent, had forgotten His very existence, or only remembered it to revile His laws. What a change! Does not this surpass all that had hitherto been achieved by the greatest and the best?

But this was but a small part of St. Vincent's work. We have seen St. John of God intrepidly rushing into the furious and roaring flames, we have seen him ascend without flinching the blazing and crackling stairs to seek and to save the scorched invalids as he snatched them from their beds. We have justly thought him heroic and sublime. But has St. Vincent done less? A man may have courage to rush headlong into the heat of battle, or risk his life under a running fire of cannon. He cares not. If he escape, he is a hero; if he fall, he is commemorated with honor by his country. We acknowledge it to be almost sublime; but however we may admire it we are bound to say, "He could not have done less. Had he shown less courage he would have been something less than man. After all, he undertook to be a soldier; it was his place." But God has not constituted all His creatures thus. He has not made it the office of woman to go into the face of the advancing troops. What has she to do with the things of war! Is she going to oppose her feeble arm to their fierce bravery? Oh, no! Hers is a nobler mission. It is she who will bind up the wounds of the fallen, and whisper words of holy consolation into the ear of the departing. She is not aware of her danger; or, if she is, she needs it not; and we have seen her escape as by a miracle when the very arm she was bandaging dropped from her hands broken by a ball.

This is what St. Vincent first taught her she could do. He brought together, not ten or twenty women, to give themselves to this toil, but hundreds and thousands, who, impelled by His spirit, are ready at this moment to rush into the very thickest of the danger, and in whatsoever service to brave death in the service of their Lord. Is there less fear of death in pacing day and night the wards of an hospital, in ministering at the bedside of the sick man as he raves in the last delirious hours of a fatal fever? And her care is by no means confined to those suffering from the diseases which prevail in this country. She is no less to be found and equally assiduous in her desperate task, as she walks from bed to bed amidst the raging of the deadly Oriental plague which marks its victims from among the healthy and the sick, and she who now tends them and sees them dropping one by one into the grave, knows she may be the next who is carried out for burial.

He was one whose good works were not founded on any particular time; neither did they depend on his own personal direction, nor derive their power from his own individual influence. He has now been dead nearly two centuries, and, during this time, the country in which he founded them has gone through an extraordinary series of revolutions which have given rise to religious persecutions. The occupants of religious houses have been compelled to take refuge in other lands, the Priests have been banished and dispersed; and yet go into France now, and you will find the institutions of St. Vincent not only existing, but protected. Amidst the civil wars which rent that unhappy country and occasioned violence and bloodshed through the land, who so active as the Sisters of Charity; and their popularity among the troops has always been such that even on the occasion of the late war the soldiers made it a condition that they should be accompanied by the Sisters. They are, in fact, looked upon as a portion of the army.

Still do the hospitals and schools served by these Sisters carry on their operations in the great city and in the small hamlet. It is an immense institution spreading over the face of the globe. In every portion of the world whither the Catholic religion has extended itself are to be found these humble and holy followers of the glorious St. Vincent; but even this is but a small part of his work.

He had two great notions—one which now seems simple and obvious, but then, when still untried, it appeared a strange and startling project. St. Vincent, whose marvellous intelligence penetrated through the human heart, was the first to discover that which facts and experience have made so plain to us in the present day, that it is to woman in the first instance that must be committed a certain class of duties; that in woman her Maker has implanted more gentleness, more patience, more perseverance, than can possibly be found in any other, however tender. Is it not to her we owe that tender care which carried us through all the accidents of childhood, and nursed and watched us in hours of sickness? and when we are grown to man's estate, and again need that care, if we have but a sister at home, it is to her, and to her only, that we turn. When parents are grown infirm, and their sons are placed out in the world, each engaged in his own particular occupation, or pursuing his advancement in life, it is on the daughter they depend for all the help and tenderness their failing strength requires. Day and night she is ready to watch their desires and anticipate their wants; she never tires, never flags in her labor of love; and even when they are fretful and unreasonable she maintains her patience and her love, remembering that she is only requiting the care and assiduity lavished on her in the years of helpless infancy.

It was impossible for one possessing the quick judgment of St. Vincent not to see that in the daughter, the sister, the wife, the mother, was every form of charity, and that to convert these noble and tender hearts into spiritual vessels of love it needed only to engraft on their natural growth one of a purer and more elevated character, transforming their affections from domestic to universal action, and making it the most perfect love on earth. This was St. Vincent's idea—to make woman the universal minister of charity, and henceforward to commit the whole dispensation of charity to her to whom God had granted the greatest measure of love. In this heavenly inspiration is typified the model of the love of Christ. It makes offices—followed till then so feelingly and perfectly within the domestic circle—assume a spiritual character. It teaches her who has courage for the task to look upon all as brother, father, son, and towards them discharge, with the conscientious and ready care of close relationship, every office of love. This St. Vincent proposed, and this he accomplished. And here was a difficulty which, though we scarcely recognize it as such at the present day, was then such as might have been considered insurmountable.

It was necessary to bring about a complete revolution in the ideas which, till then, had prevailed of the religious life. Heretofore it had been altogether contemplative, their whole energies of soul and body being given entirely to God, to serve Him in holy meditation, praise, and prayer. Now, all this was to be reversed. The Religious must continue to share in the hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows of those still in the world. What had a convent been till then? A secluded and stately building, commanding a vast solitude around its solid stone walls, magnificent cloisters bounding the quadrangular court or cheerful garden which formed its centre, broad or winding alleys divided by pleasant shrubs and trees, where the stately Nun might walk wrapped in saintly contemplation, and enjoying in peaceful holiness uninterrupted communion with her God; the chapel rich and costly, where dwelt the presence of Him she loved to visit, and whom she could seek as often as she pleased.

What is a convent now? Either some suburban dwelling, by contrivance made to suit the purpose to which it is ill-adapted, or if in a city, a brick-built house conformable with the rest of the row, in either case the best room appropriated to the highest purpose and set apart as a chapel, but still a room, nothing to promote recollection, but, on the contrary, all to distract and disturb the mind. The silent steady walk is exchanged for the hot and dusty street or lane which leads to the school or hospital. The unwholesome court, the narrow, uncleansed staircase, a fit approach to the sick man's garret, those are the only cloisters where the Nun can now take her walks and muse of holy things. Where is the community-room? The four walls within which 500 children learn or play, or the infected ward with its double row of beds and its 500 sick? She must find it in the infant school, the industrial school, the refuge for penitents, the orphan asylum, or the hospital. Could there be a more complete overthrow of the monastic life?

And there may be seen in France at this day Sisters attired in the garb which distinguishes them from the rest of the world; varied according to their different vocations by every color of the rainbow, blue, grey, black, and red. And it is known to the passers-by how their lives are past. This teaches in the school, that nurses the sick, another attends on the infants; all, in short, have their several employments, and they wend their way along the streets; even in the worst and most crowded courts of that great city, they seem to be under the special protection of Heaven. An atmosphere of holiness surrounds them, and never has an instance been known of their having met with any treatment but that which was marked by the profoundest veneration and respect.

But even this did not satisfy St. Vincent. His second great idea was equally original and equally magnificent. In the handsomest saloons in Paris, decorated and enriched with the costliest ornaments that luxury can devise, may be seen, month by month, a little band of the most brilliant women who give life to that gay capital. Perhaps the evening before they were at some sparkling *fete* or joyous assembly; and among those who attended it, they were perhaps the most richly attired, but now their garb is plain and simple, their air is collected and serious, their conversation is confined to the business which brought them together, and the worldly exactions imposed on them by their rank and position are laid aside and remembered no more. The bright meeting where they last encountered each other is neither thought of nor spoken of. After the prayer with which their business commenced, such an allusion would be deemed by them as blasphemous as to hold frivolous discourse in a church, and why? This is a meeting of the lay-associates of St. Vincent de Paul. They recount the incidents with which they have met in their pious rounds among the poor entrusted to their care. One tells the history of a mason who has fallen from a scaffold, another brings the case of a carpenter who has injured a limb, a third of the mechanic's widow and orphans who have been left to pine in hunger and want. They consider these several instances of distress, they consult as to the means of succor, they furnish means of assistance; those among them who by any cause are prevented from taking an active part in these works of charity, are ever ready with their purse to hand funds to those who will distribute them in the right channel.

There is not a town in France, in Ireland, even in England, where something like this is not going on—not one where there are not associated companies of young men, mostly from the humbler walks of life, who, accordingly as they are called by an appointed duty, will steal away from a party of pleasure or the cheerful companionship of acquaintances who have not the least suspicion of the cause of their absence. It is surprising to witness how each and all of those emanations of St. Vincent's charity interest the spirit of the father from whom they sprung. So essentially is his influence kneaded into the works he has established that those who carry them on in the present day seem to maintain a family likeness to him and to one another, and this in whatever part of the world they may be affiliated; for they are everywhere, the whole of society is full of St. Vincent. Of whom else can this be said? Even where the Christian religion has not yet triumphed, there also is the name of Vincent, and his mighty work loved, admired, and honored.

The blessing of God seems to rest upon them everywhere, and we now congratulate ourselves that we have these works of mercy here in nearly every form. Refugees, orphanages, schools, houses of mercy, we have long possessed; but, until lately, we altogether wanted an institution which would seem as if it should have been first and foremost among our religious houses—an hospital.

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LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

DEFEAT AND SUBMISSION OF GUARE, KING OF CONNAUGHT, A. D. 546.

A lovely spot is the island of Inniscaltra, in the Shannon, better known to the neighboring inhabitants as Holy Island, on account of the numerous ecclesiastical remains which overspread its surface, and the traditional sanctity of the place from the earliest ages of Christianity. Like Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, and other memorable localities, Inniscaltra had its Seven Churches—now a confused mass of ruins—founded we are told by St. Camin, somewhere about the middle of the sixth century. This, too, like the other monastic sites of Ireland, is marked by one of the mystic round towers, and probably was so when Camin selected the spot for his abbey full thirteen hundred years ago. Encircled by the waves of the lordly Shannon, and separated by them from the mainland of Connaught, Inniscaltra is just the place for religious seclusion. Surrounded by the beauty and the grandeur of God's works, the beauty of the land and the grandeur of the water—the river there in one of its expansions known as Lough Derg—and cut off, as it were, from "the busy haunts of men," the lonely isle is peculiarly favorable to contemplation. It is the largest of three small islands, being itself not more than twenty acres in extent. Yet it is, as I have said, a lovely island, even now when its weird watch-tower looks down on a shapeless mass of ruins, and lovelier still it was when on a morning in the year of our Lord 546, St. Camin left his beloved monastery, an unpretending fabric of stone, and accompanied only by a lay-brother, was by him rowed across the narrow channel to the Connaught shore. All was silence in Inniscaltra, the hushed repose of a religious community, but on the opposite shore to which Camin was hastening, there was stirring music, and noise and bustle—the tramp of men, and the neighing of horses, for the van of a large army was approaching, with the royal standard of Connaught floating in the front. And beneath it, in a lofty chariot, rode a monarch, a man of portly presence with a peculiarly open and benevolent cast of countenance, and looking as though he could not for his life raise a hand to strike man, woman, or child. And yet Guare, for he it was, could strike and well, too, when occasion required it, and though justly considered the most generous and magnanimous of princes, he knew how to assert his own rights and resist the encroachments of his neighbors. He was now on his way to meet the advancing legions of Dermot, supreme monarch of Ireland, the latter insisting on the payment of a certain tribute to which Guare thought he had no right. Dermot Mac Cearbhaill usually carried all before him, and ruled the princes with a high hand, but Guare, when thoroughly roused to action, could do and dare as much as most men, and besides he had an idea that the warriors of Connaught were able to stand their ground even against superior numbers. He was, therefore, full of confidence, and in high spirits when, on that particular morning, he arrived opposite Holy Island, where he crossed himself devoutly, and making his reverence to the cross on Camin's Church, he would have passed on, but just then, he espied the little boat shooting out from the island shore, and saying within himself, "It is Camin, my brother," he gave the signal to halt, whereupon the army drew up along the river side.

Now St. Camin was the half-brother of King Guare, and they had not met for many months, so Guare half hoped that the holy monk came but to pay him a brotherly visit, and he received him with joy, as he lowly bent to receive his priestly blessing.

"Will you not also bless my army, Camin?" said the king.

"No, brother, I cannot do it—I may not sanction rebellion."

"Rebellion!—how mean you, holy father?" and the king started.

"Rebellion—I have said it," was the calm reply,—"Dermot is the lawful ruler of Ireland, and as such has a right to receive tribute from all the provincial monarchs. You do not dispute his right to govern?"

"I do not—but then——"

"Then, Guare, my brother, do not refuse to pay the tribute which is his due. Homage and tribute are due to the same person."

The king listened with downcast eye: he knew! to oppose the wishes or slight the counsel of his saintly brother, but yet he could not bring himself to yield, now that he had gone so far. He heard the suppressed muttering of the stern warriors behind and around him, though they, too, feared to speak openly against what Camin counselled, and his own heart whispered that men would call him a craven coward, did he then recede, so he told Camin that retreat was impossible.

"I cannot turn on my steps now," said he, "when Dermot is within an hour's march. Do not ask me, Camin, to do what would for ever disgrace me?"

"You are then resolved to meet the imperial army?" inquired Camin, anxious only to make peace.

"I am," was the reply, "though it cost me my life."

"Then go," sternly replied the saint after a short pause, during which he stood with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, "then go, but know that you go to be defeated. The Lord of Hosts declares for Dermot!"

"Oh! say not so, my brother!" cried the agitated monarch, now pale as death, "speak not so harshly to the son of your mother!"

"I cannot alter the decrees of fate," was the cold reply, "if you do wrong, oh Guare! it is not for mortal man to avert your punishment. Once more, be advised by me, and return, ere yet the king's forces are in sight."

"It cannot be!" said Guare sadly but firmly, "it cannot be—mine honor is at stake."

"Then take the consequences!" said the Saint in a raised voice, "you shall know before the sun sets that my words were for your good. Come, Domhnal!" to his companion, and they both turned towards the river. Many voices were heard from amongst the serried ranks of kern and gallowglass, demanding the Saint's blessing, but blessing would he give none, for God's blessing, he said, was not with the host. So he stepped into his little boat, nor once looked behind as Domhnal plied his oar, but sat in the stern calm and collected reciting his office with half-closed eyes. And Guare stood looking after him with a sad and troubled aspect till his little boat had almost gained the Holy Island, then suddenly started, and springing into his chariot with the fleetness of a deer, he gave the signal to march, saying aloud at the same time: "Our cause is not a bad one—we will risk a battle, trusting to the mercy of God, —and the powerful help of Mary! On!—on—let us meet Dermot with a bold front!" His words were hailed with acclamation.

The banners were again in motion, the spears glanced brightly in the sunshine, and the war-steeds pranced and neighed in the joy of recovered freedom, as the army resumed its march. But Guare the king had a heavy heart, and so had many of his bravest followers, for Camin's prophecy rang in their ears, and they could not, if they would, forget it. Yet still there was no thought of shrinking—what man in all that host would turn his heel before the face of Dermot? No! forbid it the glory of the past, and the hopes of the future. Better even a defeat after a well-contested battle than the shame of having fled without a blow struck on either side.

But Guare was not prepared for the sight which met his eyes when after a short march he perceived the approach of the imperial army on the opposite side of the river, the earth quivering beneath the tramp of men and horses and the roll of the war-chariots, the artillery of those days. It was quite plain that the army of Dermot was far superior in number, yet still Guare would not give in, but continued to hope even against hope. "If I can only attack him on his own ground!" said he, "there is still a chance, but God help our poor people if he cross here." Now the river was fordable at that spot, and Guare, seeing his adversary about to cross, drew up his forces along the bank, determined if possible to prevent their landing. But Dermot, conscious of his own strength, was resolved to force a passage, at any cost. Then did he himself lead the way, closely followed by some of his nobles, while after them rushed the fiery gallowglasses mounted on their hardy war-steeds, each having a kern or foot-soldier behind him. The stream was deep and the current rapid even there, and horses and chariots were alike enveloped in a cloud of spray which almost blinded the riders. Yet still on they went—on and on, as fast as the current would permit, till their course was stopped by the bristling spears of Connaught. Many were driven back into the river by the violent shock of the encounter, and rolling off their horses sank to rise no more, but the greater number succeeded in effecting a landing, and swept over the now prostrate ranks with resistless force, threatening total destruction to the opposing army. But the Connaught clans, though broken, were not subdued. Prompt at the war-cry of their respective chiefs, the survivors sprang again on their horses, the ranks were again formed, and Dermot saw that he had still a hard battle to fight.

Seeing Guare, however, at a short distance, in consultation with some of his chiefs, Dermot made a sign to his followers to remain as they were, and advancing a few steps towards the Connaught prince, he said:

"Guare, you are the last man with whom I would wish to fight. I respect you, but I must and will have my tribute——"

"Dermot," said the other, "I respect you, too—strong you are in battle, and in council wise, but that tribute will I never pay. I cannot take from my poor people to make you rich. The clansmen of Connaught are dear to Guare as his own soul, and rob them he will not. Go home, Dermot, with your army, if you are wise, and take my blessing with you!"

"Nay, Guare, I prize your blessing highly, but I go not back without my errand! You refuse to pay me my tribute!——"

"Alas! yes,—I *must* refuse!"

"Then, onward, men of Meath!" Dermot cried aloud, "Lagenians, do your duty!"

The warriors of Connaught were not slow to meet the advancing foe. The pibrochs on either side blew their wildest and loudest strain, and the combatants were speedily engaged in mortal conflict. For a while the result seemed doubtful, the desperate valor of the Connaught clans making up in some degree for their inferior numbers, but at length the scale of victory began to turn—wilder and wilder rose the war-cries of the north and of the south, as the western clans seemed to waver. The Connacians on the other hand became but the more desperate as their numbers lessened, and they fought like lions, determined to die rather than submit. But Guare was already in quest of Dermot with a far different purpose. Seeing that his army was not likely to hold out much longer, and dreading the ravages of a conquering foe, he made up his mind to submit, although well aware of the humiliating ceremony which he had to undergo in consequence.

"But no matter," said he to Dermot, when he stood panting before him, after having given up his weapons in token of submission, "no matter, Dermot," and his fine countenance glowed with honest pride, "I shall be none the worse man for having yielded—God knows it is for the sake of my people—but for them I would rather die—I would, Dermot, I would!—but remember you are to draw off your army at once —remember that!"

"I do, Guare, I do!" said Dermot, much affected, while the chiefs of both armies gathered around, with flushed cheeks and anxious looks. The noise of battle had already ceased, and Dermot conducted his prisoner to the front of his own tent. There a circle was formed, the Connaught chiefs looking on with lowering brow and muttered imprecation, for they would much rather have fought the battle out manfully. But Guare was inexorable in his self-devoted purpose, and kneeling down before Dermot, he handed his sword to that monarch, and bowing low, acknowledged him as his lawful sovereign, and promised him the tribute which he demanded.

"So far well," observed the monarch, "now Guare, let us finish, that we may again be friends!"

"Must I do it?" demanded Guare.

"You must!" was the firm reply, "you have given a bad example, for which you must make amends, and give me public satisfaction."

"Well!" said Guare, "if it must be so, God's will be done," and silencing by an authorative gesture the fierce mutterings of his friends, he extended himself on his back, whereupon Dermot took the point of his sword, and placed it between his teeth. In that position, Guare once more repeated the formula of submission, and acknowledged himself a traitor to his lawful sovereign. Then, the sword being withdrawn, the prostrate prince sprang to his feet, and Dermot handing him back his weapon, warmly embraced him.

"Now, Guare," said Dermot, "we shall be as brothers henceforth. Come with me to my tent —I see it already awaits our coming. Noble chieftains of Connaught! ye are all my guests! Music and wine shall make our hearts glad, after the hard blows we have given and taken. Let harp and pibroch speak our joy!" he said to some of his own followers, "peace smiles again on the land of Erin!"

"Thank God this day at least is not lost," said Guare to one of his friends as they followed the monarch to his tent.

"How is that?" inquired the other somewhat tartly, "what good have you done today?"*

"Why," replied the good king, "have I not made peace where there was war, and saved poor Connaught many a hard day, and, Cathal! *have I not made Dermot happy?*—I know he loves peace, and so do I!"

So Guare and Dermot feasted together, and the chiefs who had at noon stood opposed in deadly warfare, clasped each other's hand, and passed the sparkling wine from one to the other, while the bards on both sides struck the harp and sang the glories of the princely descendants of Heber and Heremon, of Nial and of Con, till the contest of the day was all but forgotten in the proud reminiscences common to both.

So it was in Ireland in the old, old times, when her kings and nobles were descended from the ancient stock, and had for the most part a common ancestry. Then it was that the words of the poet applied indeed to Ireland:

"Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree."

* History tells us that king Guare, like the good Roman emperor, considered that day lost on which he did not benefit some one, or do some good. *To be as generous as Guare* was for ages a proverb among the Irish in their own tongue.

— In our next, The Incursions of the Danes and their Dominion in Ireland.

INDIA.

A report of the fall of Delhi has reached London. The city, it is said, was taken on the 12th of June. 7,000 Sepoys were killed, and the loss of the British was "considerable." As it is rumored that Russia is not without agents in Bengal, we are inclined to attribute this report to the same veracious Tartar who spread the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol long before the event occurred, before the British were beaten at the Redan, or rescued by the French from annihilation at Inkermann. That Tartar we have reason to think will live and move about, and make himself generally useful, while England has a Stock Exchange.

There is in England a great shout for vengeance on the Sepoys because of their revolt against the government of Great Britain and the East India Company, but it has been raised to a shriek by the intelligence brought by the overland mail, from which it appears that the mutineers have, in some places, butchered little children, and ill-treated, and then killed, a number of European women. But this conduct only shows that the Sepoys have imbibed a considerable share of British military education. We need not go to Spain to learn the moral character of a British army, nor to Kertch, nor to any part of India. We can ask at home. '98 is not forgotten in Ireland. The public records of the time, and men yet living amongst us can tell the deeds daily and hourly perpetrated by the licentious and bloodthirsty soldiery of England. Not a deed of horror has been done in Bengal, for which we cannot find a parallel and a masterpiece in the history of British cruelty in Ireland. In some cases, indeed, the acts of the Sepoys have been so completely after the pattern tried in this country, that we could almost fancy the mutineers have had Irish history read out to them every day on the parade ground. For instance, the late reports inform us that at one place little children were tossed up into the air and received by the Sepoys on the points of their bayonets—why, that was a British pastime in Ireland! The Sepoys have murdered British officers, but they have not yet exhibited the ferocity of those ruffians of the regiment of "Ancient Britons," who cut open the dead body of Father Michael Murphy, took out his heart, roasted it, and oiled their boots with the dripping! They have burned the officers' bungalows, but they have not yet burnt down an hospital full of sick and wounded, and then stated, by way of explanation, that the burning was *accidental*, the bed clothes being set on fire by the wadding of their guns *when shooting at the patients in their beds!* No; the Sepoys are not yet the equals of their masters in the arts of murder and spoliation, though they have learned something.—*Nation.*

The Fillibusters.—The actual number of men conveyed to Nicaragua from the State of California to the flag of General Walker during the last two years, as shown by the books of the old Accessory Transit Company of Charles Morgan & Sons, was no less than 7,000 men shipped up the San Juan River, and 3,500 received from California. Mr. Bostwick, late Secretary of State to General Walker, says that he can prove by documentary evidence that no less than 5,700 Fillibusters have found their graves in Nicaragua.—*National Intelligencer.*

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—Death of the British Adjutant General.—Atrocities charged by the British against the natives.—Atrocities committed by the British themselves.—The Sikhs not to be depended upon.—Confidence in the Bombay and Madras armies not so great in Calcutta as in London.—Executions at Ferozepore.—Horrible Scene.—Proclamation of the Natives.—Liberty of the Press in England and in India.—Flexible consciences of English Journalists.—The King of Oude—A good Speculation of the E. I. Company.—The Catholic Clergy in India.—China.—The Ionians and the British Protectorate.—Visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French.—Rev. Mr. Conway's letter to Lord Palmerston.

LONDON, 7th August, 1857.

The telegraphic despatches of last week fully anticipated the news received by the Indian files and correspondence brought by the overland mail. On the 16th of June, Delhi was still in the hands of the insurgents, and Sir Henry Barnard was still waiting for reinforcements. The rumors of the taking of the city were, up to that date, entirely without foundation. An engagement had taken place outside the walls, in which the English were successful, but lost the Adjutant General of the army, Colonel Chester. The natives behaved very well in this encounter and served their guns with great military tact and precision. The details bring us accounts of most horrible atrocities committed as well by the British as by the natives. We may suspect that some of the horrid crimes with which the English charge the latter are exaggerated for the purpose of producing effect and maddening the British soldiers against the unfortunate Sepoy, but we cannot doubt when they relate the story of their own outrageous cruelties. A correspondent of the *Delhi Gazette*, writing from the Camp at Ullepore under date of June 6th, says, "We are mad to be at the mutineers, who will get no mercy. We are all so exasperated at what we have heard and discovered within the last week that the men are half inclined to kill every native they come across." Only half inclined! That will never do; some more revolting atrocities committed by the Sepoys must be got up to *inflame the courage* of the British soldier and get him up to the proper diapason. However, he lets no opportunity pass of rousing himself, and hangs all the "villains" and burns all the villages as he goes along. In the meantime the insurrection spreads and the English in India are far from having as much confidence in the Bombay and Madras Armies as have the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. The account of the mutiny at Benares also shows that the Sikhs are not very loyally disposed, and will profit by every opportunity of firing a volley at the British officers as they did on that occasion. The execution of the mutineers of the 45th Regiment of Native Infantry at Ferozepore was a scene, the very recital of which makes one's blood freeze with horror, and yet it was the act of the representatives of a country which looks upon itself as eminently Christian, and spends millions to pervert people in all parts of the world to its way of belief, which, certainly, judging from the results of its teachings, must be a religion of love. Ten of the unhappy natives were tied to the muzzles of so many cannons loaded with blank cartridge, and were blown to pieces! I scarcely think the insurgents can out-monster that. Can it be expected that England will ever root out of the Indian mind the memory of such atrocities? Such have ever been her colonizing tactics, intrigue, cruelty, and misrepresentation, but he who sows the wind will reap the whirlwind, and it seems, indeed, as if England were now reaping the fearful crop of her long-continued double-faced, selfish, unrelenting policy.

A proclamation issued by the insurgents at Delhi has been republished and extensively circulated among the natives at Calcutta. It makes known to all Mahommedans and Hindoos, subjects or servants of English officers, that it is the design of the British to Christianize them, that the Governor-General expressly ordered the distribution of cartridges made with swine and beef fat,—that his instructions were, if 10,000 men resisted, to blow them up,—if 50,000 to disband them. *By devotion to the faith* they have banded together. Hundreds of pieces of cannon and an immense treasure are in their hands. Those who kill their English officers will receive ample pay. The document concludes by exhorting the Hindoos and Mahommedans not to leave a living germ of the "Demons," and promising ten rupees to an infantry, and thirty to a cavalry soldier.

I have always admired the immense plasticity of opinion shown by our English newspapers. We have just received another proof of that eminent quality. English journals boast a great deal about the Freedom of the Press which they enjoy, and are wonderfully indignant at the idea of certain governments exercising a censorship. Knowing this, one would naturally expect that the news that the Indian government had instituted a censorship on the journals and other publications in the Indian possessions would have raised a whirlwind of indignation among the Press of England. On the contrary, the *Morning Post* unreservedly approves the measure which it looks upon not only as just but as necessary and even praiseworthy. The *Times* is dumb on the subject. I have always thought that the Freedom of the Press was without danger in England; it is only to be feared where its members have principles and sustain them at all hazards; where self-interest is the ruling policy of a press and of a nation, governments have nothing to fear from the Freedom of the Press.

Lord Brougham presented in the House of Lords on yesterday a petition from the Queen of Oude, her son, and the king's brother, who are at present in England, expressing their regret at the recent insurrection in India, and their sentiments of loyalty towards the British government. The petitioners likewise pray that steps may be taken to disprove the groundless charges made against the King and against them, by having those accusations clearly and distinctly stated. The entertaining of the petition was opposed by Lord St. Leonards, and Lord Redesdale pointed out a "fatal" objection in the omission of the word "humble." The petition was dismissed. The King of Oude previous to his arrest received a considerable pension from the East India Company, but if they can by any means show his complicity in the Sepoy insurrection, his dominions will be altogether under the control of the Company and the pension will go to the credit of profit and loss. Those are the tactics generally employed by the E. I. Company in its dealings with the native princes.

The government of India, on the 8th of June, recorded a resolution that as eight annas per mile are the rate of the travelling expenses granted to Roman Catholic Clergymen in the service of the government in Bengal when ordered to travel on duty, the Governor-General extended the rate to the other presidencies in supercession of all other rules existing in those presidencies.

The news from China does not call for any particular comment. There has been a great smashing up of Chinese junks in the Canton river, but those exploits are more brilliant than advantageous. The only thing the British naval commanders have gained by them is the knowledge that after all John Chinaman stands to his guns quite as well John Bull.

I have now before me the report of the session of the Ionian Parliament in which all members of all parties, unanimously branded as treasonous, the petition which was said to have been circulated, demanding the admission of a member from the Islands into the British House of Commons. The entire Chamber protested against the intrigues of the home government, stated their determination to resist the project of colonization to the last drop of their blood, repudiated the English protectorate, declared themselves Greeks, and that they desire a union with Greece, their country, which had left them an inheritance of thirty centuries of glory. Verily the traditional policy is beginning to bear its fruits.

The Emperor and Empress of the French arrived off Portsmouth yesterday morning, and arrived at Osborne two hours later. The police are to keep up a strict *surveillance* on all persons about the neighborhood of the Royal residence during the Imperial visit. Their majesties will remain but a few days.

The Rev. Peter Conway, who, with the Rev. Luke Ryan, has been signalled out for prosecution by the Palmerston phalanx, has addressed a noble and manly letter to the Premier, which has been published by the Catholic journals. The Rev. Gentleman does not seem to have any fear of the concentrated thunder of the House of Commons. On the contrary, he is highly flattered at being chosen as the instrument through which the political freedom of the Irish Catholic Clergy is to be attacked. His conscience is clear and he boldly defies Lord Palmerston and calls upon Heaven to defend the right.

W.

P. T. Barnum, the once celebrated showman, leaves the United States on the 2d of September for London, where he intends residing permanently.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Italy.—The Pope's return to Rome.—The CIVILTA CATTOLICA'S *question.—Spain.—The Church property.—The whole truth.—The Monastery of Yuste.—The Principalities.—Departure of the Emperor and Empress for Osborne.—The 15th August.—Imperial Gift to the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul at Montrouge.—Mass for the repose of the Soul of Beranger.—M. l'Abbe Jousselin.—The Bishop of Moulins.—The Pope's Nuncio.—Crowning of Our Lady of Liesse.—The Bishop of Virginia.—Blessing of Church Bells by Cardinal Morlot.—Cardinal Villecourt.—An unknown benefactor.*

PARIS, 6th August, 1857.

The return of his Holiness, Pius IX. to Rome, is fixed for the 5th of next month. The Holy Father's reception in his own city will surpass in magnificence the most splendid displays which have greeted him, during his tour, in the cities which have had the happiness of receiving the Vicar of Christ. His Holiness had summoned by telegraph to Bologna six cardinals to assist, with those who are already near the person of the Holy Father, at the Consistory, which was to have taken place on the 3d of the present month. Among the number is Cardinal Patrizzi, whom we had the pleasure of seeing here at the christening of the Imperial Prince. Cardinal Antonelli remains at the head of affairs at Rome.

In an article on the voyage of the Holy Father, the *Civilta Cattolica* addresses the Piedmontese Press as follows:

The admirable political tranquility so long preserved in the Pontifical States without any machinery of police or armed force, induces us to propose in all confidence to the so-called liberal journals of Piedmont, the following problem which is altogether deserving of the exercise of their perspicuity, and wants their attention. It is to find the reason why for some time past, in the Sardinian dominions, and particularly since the celebrated statements made by the Count de Cavour at the Paris Congress, of the situation of Romagna and the Marches, we have seen those self-same troubles, and those disorders break out, that the noble Count looked upon as inevitable, or considered as having already happened in the States of the Church, if it were not decided to place a *viceroy* at the head of the legations. In fact if our memory do not deceive us, it is really the municipality of Genoa, and not that of Rome, nor that of Bologna, which has refused and still refuses to pay the government the imposts it demands. It is the galley-slaves of Genoa and not those of Civita Vecchia, who, not satisfied with their prison, break out into such a state of revolt that it is found necessary to point cannons at them.

There is an old saying which is true as regards M. de Cavour and many other statesmen and private individuals; they see the microscopic defect in the eyes of their neighbors, but they do not see the beam in their own—or what is still worse they will not see it.

Your exchanges have, no doubt, brought you ere this the news that the Pope had sanctioned the sales of ecclesiastical property made, so far, in Spain. The news is true, but it is not the *whole* truth; and it was for that reason that I was inclined to look upon it as rather strange. But when I announce to you that restitution is made to the Church of the amount of the property of which she had been despoiled, in stock of the consolidated three per cents, the surprise vanishes. Certain newspapers should be bound, like witnesses in a court of justice, to tell the truth, the *whole truth*—I was about to add—and nothing but the truth,—but that would be requiring too much from them.

The ancient Monastery of Yuste, famous for the retreat of Charles Quint after his abdication, was lately put up for sale. Among those who desired to purchase this historical monument was, says the *Catolico*, the Emperor of the French. A young and learned Spaniard, the Marquis de Mirabel, naturally desirous of keeping one of the glories of his country from falling into foreign hands, bought the Monastery for 20,000 douros.

Things are coming to a crisis in the Principalities. The protest of the representatives of France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia against the decision of the Porte ratifying the recent election, and against the presence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Baron de Prokesch, the Austrian Minister, in the council chamber, while the Turkish Ministry was discussing the question of postponement, has brought about the downfall of the Reschid Pacha Ministry. Reschid is replaced as Grand Vizir by Ali Pacha, whose *fez* made a sensation here during the session of the Paris Congress. Reschid, however, is not in Othello's position; his occupation is henceforth to be the Presidency of the Reformatory Council—a post which, it seems to me, must be very nearly a sinecure at Constantinople.

The Emperor and Empress left here on yesterday for Havre on their visit to her Majesty Queen Victoria at Osborne. Their Majesties will return to Paris by Monday next. Great preparations are being made for the celebration of the fete of the 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption, and also the Fete Napoleon. Solemn High Mass is to be celebrated in all the Churches, and in each a solemn *Te Deum* is to be sung. The afternoon and evening will be devoted to amusements of various descriptions, such as a military pantomime, regattas, free theatres, illuminations and displays of fireworks.

The Emperor and Empress have sent to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at Montrouge, two magnificent silver prizes in cases marked with their initials, to be drawn for at the lottery for the benefit of the poor of the Commune.

The students of the Law School of Toulouse caused a solemn Mass for the dead to be celebrated, in the Church of St. Etienne, for the repose of the soul of the poet, Beranger. The students went to the church in a body, and the scene was really imposing. A solemn silence prevailed during the ceremony, and every body felt how Beranger had atoned for the errors of his youth and added to his laurels by his Christian death.

Apropos of Beranger, M. l'Abbe Jousselin, the Cure of the parish of Saint Elizabeth has, on the proposition of the Minister of Public Instruction, been appointed Chevalier of the Imperial order of the Legion of Honor.

You remember the affair of the Bishop of Moulins, who was accused of having violated the terms of the Concordat, in requiring from the ecclesiastics, under his control, written resignations previously to their entering on their duties in his diocese. The two Cures, suspended by his Grace, have been reinstated in their functions, after having previously addressed a letter of submission to their bishop. In that letter they regret to have been the cause of sorrow to the paternal heart of their superior, and disavow everything either in their words or deeds which might, contrary to their intentions, look like an offense against the person or authority of their bishop. In this case, as in another which I mentioned in the commencement of my letter, the newspapers have refrained from telling the *whole* truth. It is why I state the *exact* facts of the case.

Monsignor Saccone, the Nuncio of the Holy See, was to have left Paris for Bologna, after having taken leave of the Emperor. His Eminence is the oldest member of the Diplomatic Corps here.

The coronation of Our Lady of Liesse, in the Diocese of Soissons, took place some days since; the Sovereign Pontiff sent one of the prelates of his household to assist at the Ceremony. An immense concourse of people was present at this interesting festival.

On Sunday last, a mass composed by M. Frederic Viret, for four male voices, without accompaniment, was executed by a Choral Society at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The respected Bishop of Virginia (United States) officiated pontifically during the day.

Another imposing ceremony took place in one of our churches in the vicinity of Paris. Four magnificent bells intended for the parish were blessed by his Eminence Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris.

His Eminence Cardinal Villecourt arrived here the other day and put up at the old Convent of Carmelites. His Eminence assisted towards the end of last month at a ceremony rendered still more interesting by the circumstances connected with it. The Mayor of Regny received sometime since from an anoymous donor a letter containing 60 bank notes of 1,000 francs each, which sum the writer desired to be employed in the building of a Church at Regny. Sometime after, the unknown, thinking that sum insufficient, sent in the same manner 40,000 francs. The ceremony I speak of was laying the foundation stone of the Church which is to be built with the anonymous donation. The Cardinal officiated and laid the foundation stone of the new edifice.

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NEWS FROM EUROPE.—News from the Telegraph squadron which left Valentia on the 7th inst. may be expected at any moment. The steamer Anglo-Saxon which reached Quebec on Sunday reports that the work of laying down the cable was progressing favorably; up to the 10th 300 miles had been laid. There is no news from India. The difficulty between the Porte and the other powers has become complicated; diplomatic intercourse, therefore, is suspended for the present. An American vessel has been seized on the coast of Africa with slaves on board.

CITY NEWS.

THE RETURNED FILLIBUSTERS.—The most remarkable feature of last week's news was the arrival of 260 Fillibusters, deserters from Walker's army to the Costa Ricans. It would be difficult to conceive a more lamentable picture of human misery and degradation than these men presented when landed from the Tennessee on the wharf. Destitute of shoes, linen or proper wearing apparel, and bowed down by sickness and disease, the beholder contemplated a degree of human destitution never to be forgotten, and the young enthusiast who sighed for an opportunity of signalizing himself in Central America had his desire for "tented fields" and military glory considerably mitigated while gazing on their shrunken forms. On their arrival they were directed to present themselves on the steps of the City Hall, and accordingly to that place they wended their way. By the time they arrived there a crowd had collected, and moved by their wretched condition, a subscription was set on foot and a dinner provided for them at Fulton Market, the first they had partaken of in many a day. An appeal was made to Wall street on their behalf, but was almost unheeded; the most fervent appeals to the "money-changers" could realize but the trifling sum of SIXTEEN dollars. There is here a moral which it is well to take note of. Wall street would feel no compunction in profiting by the successful buccaneering of those men, but now when they return baffled and defeated, Wall street knows them no more. Since then their number has been considerably diminished, many being sent to their homes through the agency of different railroad companies, and the aid of wealthy Southerners now in the city. We have from the outset protested against the aggressions and robberies perpetrated by those men, but now when a section of them are thrown on our shores, repentant of their folly and acknowledging their errors, we are decidedly in favor of affording them relief. From conversations with some of them we have been afforded an insight into the manner in which Walker conducted matters. A favorite practice of his was to seize on the property and persons of wealthy individuals for the purpose of extorting money; in case his demands were not acceded to the former was set on fire or confiscated, while the latter was detained in "durance vile" until death put an end to his sufferings, or until his friends had provided a ransom. An eye-witness related to us the following anecdotes: Marching one day through a portion of Nicaragua a division of Walker's followers, commanded by an officer named Sanders, came in sight of a handsome residence. Proceeding directly to the house, they found it occupied by a lady rather advanced in years, together with some domestics; she was not a widow, but her husband was absent with the army. Sanders demanded five hundred dollars, and in case of refusal threatened to burn the house; she replied four hundred dollars was all she could afford him, but promised to procure the balance provided the house was spared; with this reasonable request Sanders professed to comply, and the woman proceeded to procure the money, which on her return she handed over to Sanders. The matter was not however fated to rest here; Sanders told her she deserved "to have the house burned anyhow," and gave immediate orders to set it on fire, which was accordingly done. On another occasion a party led by Walker himself arrested a Catholic clergyman, for whose ransom he demanded fifteen hundred dollars. The clergyman at first refused to submit to terms so exorbitant, but Walker detained him a close prisoner in the guard-house until the money was paid. In seasons of disquietude it is a common practice for wealthy persons in Nicaragua to deposit their plate for safety in the churches; of this circumstance Walker took care to profit, by rifling the churches; an immense amount of booty was accumulated in this way, all of which that brigand transmitted in chests to California and New Orleans, and this, too, at a time when his men were actually starving, subsisting on mule's flesh. With the exception of Captain Rynders, not one of the speech-makers or journalists who supported and set on foot this Nicaraguan robbery have made their appearance in the Park, or proffered their dupes the smallest aid; whatever has been given came out of the pockets of men who disapproved of Fillibusterism from the outset, but could not refuse their might to suffering humanity.

700 deaths took place in this city last week, being an increase of 64 over the previous.

A MEETING FOR A PROPER PURPOSE.—A number of men, belonging to the British German Legion, now resident in this city, held a meeting at No. 12 Chambers street, on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th inst., for the purpose of putting a stop to any attempts at enlistment which may be made with a view of recruiting the British army. Having, as they expressed it, being grossly deceived themselves, they had assembled for the purpose of making known that imposition, and of preventing others from being deceived. All those present were men of intelligence, several of whom wore the United States uniform, having on their return enlisted in our army. The meeting being called to order, Mr. Gustave S. Heynold, formerly drill-master in the Legion, stated the manner in which they had been dealt with. He said:

The agents and officials, and even the Consuls and Ministers of the British government, had held out promises of $30 per month pay, and all provisions and clothes to be furnished free. The men were enlisted in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, and were thence taken to Boston. There already the promised pay was reduced to $12, and when they got to Halifax, this was further reduced to $8. And finally when they reached Melville Island, they were told that out of these miserable wages they must pay for their own clothes. Even the six pounds sterling which had been promised them as bounty money, was here reduced to three, and in some cases to one. Some of the Germans wrote to the authorities at Washington, claiming their protection. An English sergeant, named Crollin, who had since fallen fighting for Walker in Nicaragua, translated the appeal, and it was safely sent. But General Pierce's government took no notice of it. Finally they were taken to England, where they were treated in a still more brutal manner. He (Mr. H.) had seen the main body of the German Legion before the others, for he had been taken to it, bound hand and foot, to be tried by a court martial for mutiny. When Corporal Schultz collected signatures to a complaint against their treatment, what did he receive? Fifty lashes on the bare back! And the color sergeant who complained openly was transported for four years. In the Fourth Regiment, a Captain Bushenhagen was complained of by his men for embezzling the funds of the Company. He was acquitted, but the complainants had their heads shaved and then sent to the treadmill. It had become his object in life to defeat the British government in its plans in deceiving any more of his countrymen, and he begged those who had experienced like him its cruelties, to aid him in his endeavor. Wherever they found an English enlisting agent, they must denounce him to the officers of the law; and if this did not avail they must take his punishment into their own hands. Two agents were already at work in this city, and another one had applied for employment. These they must keep a watch on.

We call on those of our countrymen who read the above to exert themselves, and, if possible, ferret out those agents or their whereabouts; they, at least, have suffered more from British guile than the German. Many other instances of perfidy and of wrong were narrated, and the following resolutions were passed, which we hope will have as good an effect in deterring those of other nationalities from embarking in this insane project, as we are certain it will on those for whom it is specially intended:

Whereas, We, German adopted citizens of the United States, entered, as members of the German Legion, into the British service, by reason of the promise by the British Government of an honorable position and pay; and because we had reason to hope, through the subjugation of Russia, to see Liberty prosper in Europe; and

Whereas, England, by the most scandalous treatment and non-fulfilment of its contract with us, has in every way deceived us; and

Whereas, It is against the honor and dignity of every German to assist in the subjugation of any people struggling for Liberty—

Resolved, That we request our German brethren in the United States who served with us in the Legion during the war, to brand as far as possible the conduct of England towards us, by circulating a true account of the wrongs and insults which we have suffered.

And *Secondly*, To extend to all Germans in the United States, a warning not to trust in any inducements which may be held out to enter into the service of Great Britain.

And *Thirdly*, To warn all Germans against enlisting as mercenaries in the armies of England, for service in India, for the purpose of suppressing the efforts of a people struggling for Liberty.

THE BURDELL ESTATE.—The Surrogate rendered his decision in the above case on Monday last, in which he decided that Emma Augusta Cunningham is not the widow of the late Harvey Burdell, and directed letters of administration to be issued to his next of kin; so Mrs. Cunningham will have to seek an estate in some other quarter. The decision being quite unexpected, few persons were about the office.

BROADWAY MORALS.—Two homicides are reported as having occurred in Broadway during the week, which, taken in connection with the numerous defalcations and petty larcenies perpetrated there daily, render Broadway one of the most dangerous streets in the city, as far as regards life or property.

THE WEATHER—A heavy storm of wind and rain accompanied with hailstone swept over the city on Sunday last. The weather during the previous week had been unusually cold for the season. Since 1816 the thermometor has not been so low for an entire week,

The book-keeper at the St. Nicholas Hotel has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement to the amount of some thirty thousand dollars or more. The newspapers designate a heavy business of this sort "defalcation." If a hungry wretch is so unfortunate as to steal a shilling's worth it is robbery. We are a polite people—very!

Spurious five dollar bills on the Lee Bank, Massachusetts, to the amount of ten thousand dollars, have been put in circulation through the city during the past week. It is said that no less than forty persons were engaged in passing them off. Several arrests have been made, some of whom are females.

A boy aged 15 years had one of his feet badly crushed, on Sunday last, at the Hamilton Ferry, caused by attempting to jump ashore before the boat was made fast. This practice is but too common even among people of more mature years, and often attended with serious consequences.

Several swindles perpetrated on strangers by bogus ticket sellers have been reported during the week. A countryman named Swan, and a young woman named Dougherty, both proceeding to California, were among the principal victims. It is almost useless to warn strangers to beware of those sharpers.

A little girl three years old, whose parents reside in Grand street, met with her death recently in rather a singular manner. Receiving a fall, a needle which happened to be in her dress entered the right oracle of the heart. She died shortly after.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

THE LATE REV. HENRY SMALL.—By the demise of this reverend gentleman, which occurred on the night of Thursday, the 16th July, the Catholic Church of Scotland has lost a worthy son, the Catholic community of Dumfries an exemplary Pastor, and the burg a useful and respectable townsman. For upwards of seventeen years he has here pursued the steady, unobtrusive tenor of his way, faithfully discharging the laborious duties of his spiritual office, taking an active and most useful part in the management of the charities and other public bodies, such as the infirmary and the parochial board, and spending his limited leisure in antiquarian and literary pursuits. The remains of the deceased were interred with full and solemn ceremonial. St. Andrew's Catholic Chapel here was draped with black and white cloth, the altar and pictures being covered in the same way. The coffin was placed near the altar, and over the pall were placed the vestments of the deceased. The church was crowded in every part by the numerous congregation and personal friends of the deceased. Mr. Small was born near Dungannon, Ireland, on 26th March, 1813. He came when about the age of 18 to Edinburgh. There he was engaged by Mrs. Scott, of the family of Glendonwyne of Parton, as tutor to her youngest son. While discharging this duty the thought of studying for the Church entered his mind; and he accordingly offered himself for this purpose to the Right Rev. Dr. Carruthers, who was then Catholic Bishop in Edinburgh. He was accepted by that Prelate, and by his orders set out for Rome in 1834. There he was admitted as a student into the celebrated College Propaganda, and he remained in it, following the ordinary curriculum of its studies, till 1839. The climate not agreeing with him, he was ordered back to Scotland, when he finished his studies in the Catholic College of Blairs, near Aberdeen, and was there ordained Priest on 26th April, 1840.

CASTLEPOLLARD.—The ceremony of baptizing the new bell of the Catholic chapel at Castlepollard took place in the presence of a vast congregation. This specimen of Irish art, weighing upwards of a ton, was manufactured by Mr. Sheridan of Dublin, and was presented to the people of Castlepollard by their zealous and pious pastor, the Very Rev. Walter Murtagh, at whose sole expense it has been purchased. Immediately after last Mass the chapel yard was thronged by some two or three thousand people from Castlepollard and the surrounding parishes, all anxious to witness so solemn an act, and soon after the procession issued from the sacristy, the sponsors (Edward Cullen, Esq., and Miss Jane Molloy), with lighted torches, the Very Rev. Michael Coghlan, the pastor of Fore and Collinstown, and the Rev. M. A. Muldoon, of Kilkenny, as assistants, and lastly, attired in cope, was the Very Rev. Walter Murtagh, who was deputed to perform the ceremonies by his lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell. The various functions prescribed in the Pontificate were then severally gone through by the Very Rev. Pastor. At the termination of the ceremonies, the Very Rev. Michael Coghlan delivered an impressive discourse, which deeply affected all present. The Rev. Preacher alluded in forcible language to the days of penal persecution, when no such function as they had that day the happiness of witnessing could be publicly exercised, and he fervently prayed that its peal might excite their devotion, free them from all temptations, and enable them to adhere with fidelity to all the tenets of the Catholic faith.

CONVERSION TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH IN SKIBBEREEN.—Lieut. Charles Edward Blisset, K.N., has been received at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Beausang, R.C.C., into the church, in which, on the 27th July, he departed this life, aged sixty-three years, having made the usual abjuration of Protestantism, and borne his protracted and painful illness in a spirit of truly Christian resignation. He died of disease of the heart, which produced dropsy.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, held a confirmation in the chapel of the Old Parish, on the 24th July, when 400 children were confirmed. His lordship, in explaining the object of his visit, expressed himself highly pleased with the state of the chapel, which is now being ceiled under the direction of the respected pastor, the Rev. John Mullins. He said a great deal had been already done, but a great deal remained undone. He hoped the parishioners would not relax until their efforts would be crowned with success. On the preceding days his lordship visited the respective parishes of Ardmore and Clashmore, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of 1,000 children. At Clashmore, the Rev. P. Meany, C.C., late of St. Mary's, Clonmel, delivered in the Irish language an eloquent and impressive discourse suited to the occasion.—*Waterford Chronicle.*

The Sisters of Mercy, Queenstown, beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of £5 from the French Consul, C. Marcel, Esq., from Prince Napoleon.

Domestic.

ORDINATIONS.—There were ordained on Sunday last in the Bishop's Chapel, by his Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, the following gentlemen: Sub-Deacons—MM. T. Prevost and P. Rondeault. Deacon—M. T. Thibeaudeau. Priests—MM. F. Perreault and J. Lonergan.—*Montreal True Witness.*

There were thirty-nine confirmed at St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, on Sunday, 9th Aug., in the forenoon; and sixty in the Church of the Holy Redeemer, same place, in the afternoon,—of the latter, five or six were converts. The choir of the two Catholic schools sing sweetly and edifying at the Holy Mass and in the Sodality meetings. At St. Peter's, Lick Run, there were a few persons confirmed on the following Tuesday, and about seventeen at St. Mary's of the Furnaces on Wednesday. On the 15th, the Assumption B. V. M., there were one hundred and thirty-eight confirmed in St. Joseph's Church, Dayton; and eighty-six in St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, on last Sunday.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

The Catholics of Philadelphia are erecting a temporary chapel to afford accommodation to the congregation of the Cathedral until the new magnificent structure, in course of erection, is completed.

Letters have been received from our Rt. Rev. Bishop, from Naples, to the 16th of July. He was then on his way to Rome. His health was about the same as when he last wrote.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FAMILY MARKETING.—The abundant promise of the early summer is beginning to be realized in the large arrivals of vegetables in our markets. Notwithstanding the efforts of dealers to raise a cry that the rot was attacking the potatoes and would destroy the crop, they are sure to arrive in great quantities, and no effort will keep the prices up. There was a strong movement in the early part of the week to put the price up to 36c. per barrel, but by Thursday the price was reduced again. Though the crop is slightly injured on Long Island, Jersey and elsewhere, the yield has been very much larger than usual, and prices consequently cannot be kept up. This circumstance is fortunate for poor people, who depend so much upon this tuber as an article of diet. Potatoes are quoted at $2 25 @ $2 50 per barrel, but we expect to see them selling before a month is over at $1 50 per barrel. The market is running over with tomatoes; indeed, they were never more abundant than they are this season, and they sell for 36c. per basket. Every year the demand for this vegetable increases. Immense quantities are used in the manufacture of catsup. Large lots of sweet potatoes are coming in from Jersey. Other vegetables are cheap—cheaper than we have known them for years before. The peach crop in Jersey is considered a failure, but a number of fine peaches from Delaware are now in the market and command a ready sale at $2 per basket.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is without activity for Western Canal Flour. The arrivals are larger, and the better grades are heavy and irregular. The trade purchase only for their present wants; and to effect sales at the close, a decline of 5@10c. ₱ bbl. is submitted to on the low grades. The sales are 5,000 bbls. at $6 30@$6 45 for common to good State; $6 65@$6 75 for extra do; $6 30@$6 45 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $6 50@$7 20 for common to good extra Ohio; $7 20@$8 50 for good to choice do; $7 20@$10 25 for St. Louis brands, and $7 25@$9 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is more plenty, and in fair request, but at easier prices; the sales are 900 bbls. at $6 40@6 45 for superfine; $6 80@$8 30 for extra do. Southern Flour is offered freely, and there is a strong disposition shown to realize; prices are 10c. lower on common brands, and 25c. on the better grades.

HAY—The market was steady for old at 75@80c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork—The market was firm, without further advance in prices. The sales embraced about 500@600 bbls., including mess at $25 75 and 100 prime Albany inspection at $21, and about 200 do. at $21 50. Beef continued to rule quite firm, with sales of about 400@450 bbls. repacked plain and extra mess. Prime mess and beef hams were quiet. Bacon was scarce and firm at 14½@15c. for good smoked. Cut meats were at nominal quotations, the market being bare. Lard was firmly held with sales of about 200 bbls. Butter and cheese were unchanged.

RICE.—Sales of about 150 casks were reported at 4½@4¾.

SUGARS—The market was tolerably active, without change of moment in prices. The sales embraced about 1,000 hhds. Cuba muscavado at 8¼c., and 10¼@10½c.; 50 boxes Havana at 11@11½c., and 400 do at p. t., with 468 bags of Madagascar at 7½c., 6 months, the first sold in this market.

WHISKEY—Sales of 1,000 bbls. were made at 28@28½c.

WOOL—The market is not active, as consumers purchase sparingly, while holders remain very firm in their demands. The low prices of manufactured goods on the one side, and the high cost with rather a light stock on the other, makes both buyer and seller hold to their own views with great tenacity. Business is consequently restricted

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $40 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE,

FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER Co., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 2d of September.
ag15 6t R. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday of the third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with: *For Summer Costume.*—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs Shoes, Books, (and if to learn Drawing,) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite for Drawing or Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance).....	£18 10 0—$74 00
Entrance, Pen and Ink.....	0 12 6— 2 50
Music, Piano.....	3 10 0— 14 00
" Guitar.....	5 5 0— 21 00
" Harp.....	9 12 6— 38 50
Drawing.....	2 15 6— 11 00
Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet.....	3 0 0— 12 00
Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teachers.	
Washing.....	3 10 0— 14 00
Bed and Bedding.....	3 15 0— 15 00
Music Lessons from Professor.....	10 10 0— 42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from $30 to $40 more than in the House in town.

Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal. aug1 6t

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is..... $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum..... 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 1f

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 229 EAST BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

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